

# Life

◦ December 9 1926  
Price 15 cents



*It's a GIRL!*

RUSSELL  
BATTEN



Jade  
46 Special  
\$5.00

Student  
Special  
\$3.75

Jade  
Lifetime  
\$8.75

Titan  
Lifetime  
\$3.75

Lady  
Lifetime  
\$7.50

Lifetime  
Desk Set No. 13  
\$15.00

Identify the artistocrat  
of pens by this  
white dot

### Original

The fountain pen desk set idea was a Sheaffer inspiration. It has swept the country in a large way, because the desk set was a greatly needed thing. Our dealers carry an attractive assortment of them, for the home desks of women, for the office desks of men. With Lifetime<sup>®</sup> fountain pens, they sell everywhere from \$10 upwards.

For your Christmas giving we here illustrate some outstanding individuals of a brilliant group, all remarkable performers. There is a Sheaffer pen and pencil for every writing need.

# SHEAFFER'S

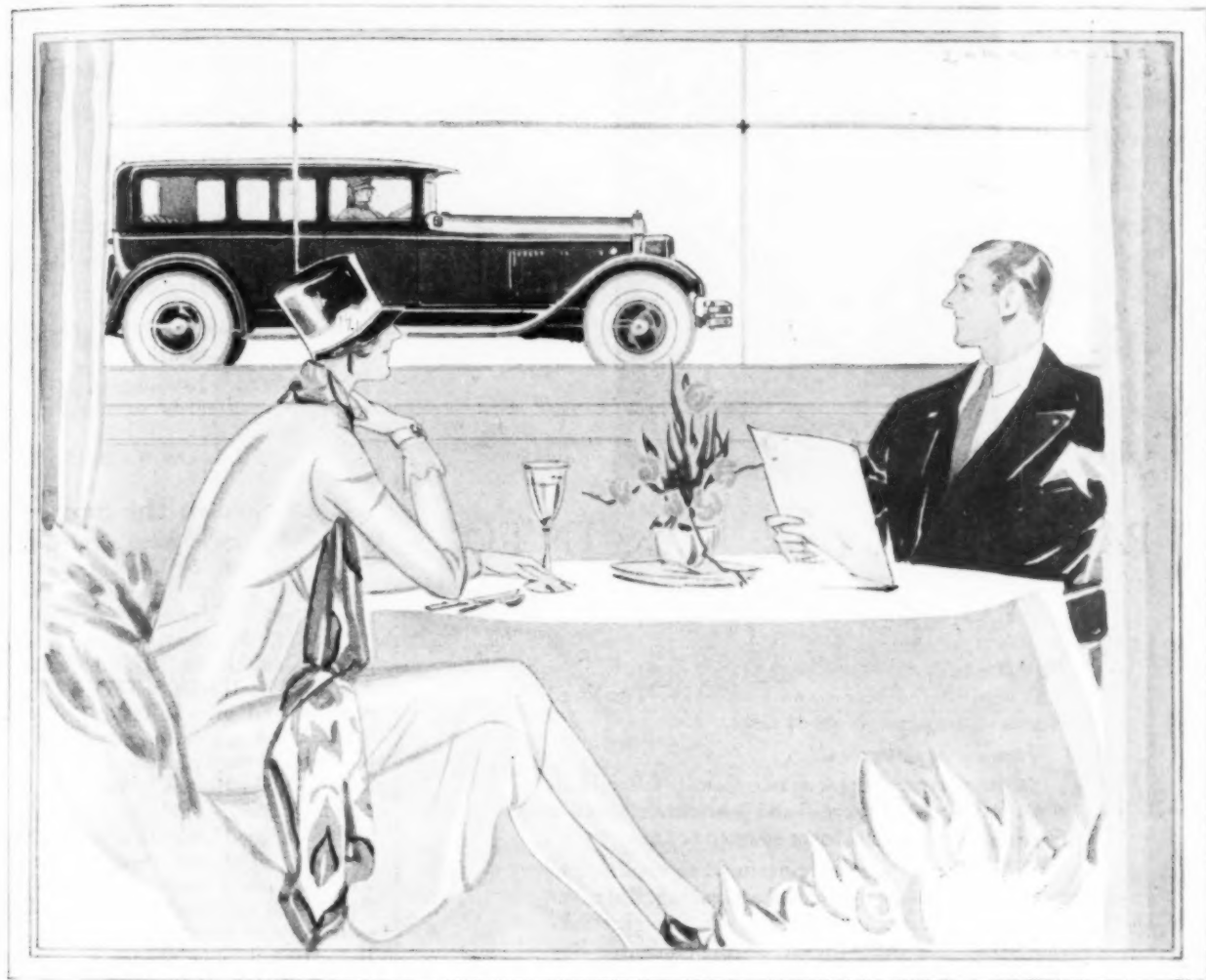
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA  
LONDON OFFICE 199 REGENT STREET

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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SHEAFFER  
PEN CO.

## HUPMOBILE

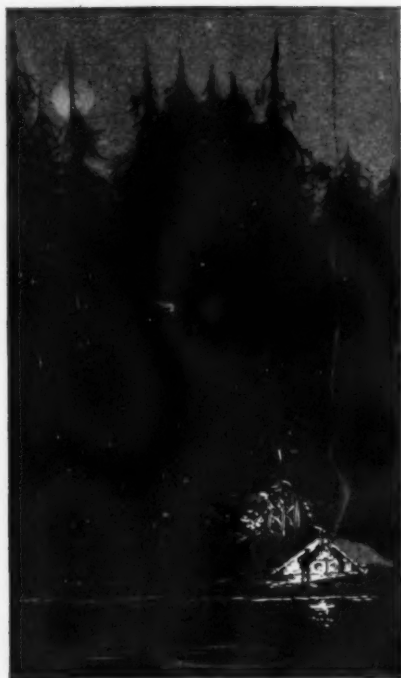


ONLY ONE CAR - AND THAT A COSTLY ITALIAN STRAIGHT EIGHT - CAN COMPARE WITH THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT. ACCORDING TO THE OPINION OF ENGINEERING AUTHORITIES WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT ALL CARS

BEAUTY, COLOR, OPTIONS, LUXURY, IN NINE ENCLOSED AND OPEN BODIES, \$1945 TO \$2595 F.O.B. DETROIT, PLUS REVENUE TAX

D I S T I N G U I S H E D  
THE 8





## PACK THE *North Woods* INTO YOUR PIPE BOWL

THE campfire sends lusty orange flames to glow against the black and silver sky. The wind chants in the pines. Nobody talks.

*How a pipe tastes then!*

Sportsmen travelling deep into Canada found Hudson's Bay tobacco there—and promptly claimed it finer than any they had ever smoked before.

When they returned, regretfully, to civilization, they brought Hudson's Bay tobacco along. But never expecting to recapture to the full those magic smoking hours. But then—it happened. Hudson's Bay tobacco scoffed at geography, tasted as it did beside the campfire. Brought the outdoors indoors. Released the North Woods tang and zest in every mellow puff.

Most every good shop is now a Hudson's Bay Company Post—for tobacco. Try it. Measured by mediocrity it is higher priced—measured by your pleasure it is priceless.

**Hudson's Bay Company.** INCORPORATED 27<sup>th</sup> MAY 1870

# HUDSON'S BAY

## Tobacco

*Cut Plug—sweet and mild*  
*Imperial Mixture—rich and mellow*  
*Fort Garry—full-flavored and cool*



## Radio Activity

THE demands on my time have increased, till

I've never a moment to bless me;  
I am chained at the ether-borne feast till

It's long past the hour to dress me:

So the dinner's a dud as a spread, for  
Marie madder grows by the minute;

As for sleep—might as well sell my bed, for

I never have time to be in it.

Church is out, and my bills I've not settled

(My stars! how those creditors hound me!),

And I haven't the time to be nettled  
By the unyielding gyves that have bound me.

I've no leisure to dicker for gin, or  
More aristocratic libations,

For I either am listening-in, or

Writing postcards to Radio Stations.

*Edward W. Barnard.*

## Overheard in the Smoker

“WELL, we're going right along. The train is, I mean. Yes, it could go faster. They could use more steam. We're late now. About a minute, I guess. They won't try to make it up. Not here they won't. The track's not right. It's curved, kind of. It makes a curve here. They got to go easy. Where it's straight they can use more steam. That'll make it up. The time, I mean. Then we'll be on time. This is a good train that way. It's on time. The last time it wasn't. The last time I used it. It was late then. And the time before, too. But mostly it's on time. It's a good train. It leaves too early, though. You got to get up too early. But I've got used to it. I do it so much. I've got so I like it. Getting up, I mean. I always travel Pullman. Always have. It's better that way. I used to go day-coach. It's cheaper than Pullman. You save money. That makes it good. It's a good way to travel. The Pullman is best, though. It costs more. But it's worth it, I guess. You get better service. Is there a porter on this train? There ought to be. I haven't seen him. You'll go get him? Why, don't bother. I don't want him. Say, don't go. Say...”

*W. W. Scott.*

MAN - ABOUT - TOWN (at theatre-ticket broker's): What is there in the way of a good racy show?

COUNTER-CLOWN: The censors, sir.





*Howard Watches are priced  
from \$60. upward The price  
of the model illustrated is \$75.*

**T**HERE is no more cherished gift than a fine watch. And pre-eminent among fine watches is the Howard... It is, par excellence, the lifetime expression of the Christmas spirit — a matchless gift which invariably inspires lasting appreciation..

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY  
*Riverside, New Jersey*  
ESTABLISHED. 1853

*The* HOWARD *Watch*



## *A new beauty still further above the commonplace*

In its alluring smartness and beauty the new, finer Chrysler "70" forecasts the new vogue in motoring design even more definitely than the first Chrysler did three years ago.

The first Chrysler "70" gave to all motoring a totally new combination of features and accomplishments.

Three years ago it introduced the 7-bearing crankshaft, oil-filter, air-cleaner, thermostatic heat control, tubular front axle for hydraulic four-wheel brakes, a new type of spring mounting, indirectly-lighted instrument board, new grace and lowness of design, and an entirely new idea of color harmonies.

Ever since, the entire industry has been adopting these features with varying success and celebrating them as new achievements.

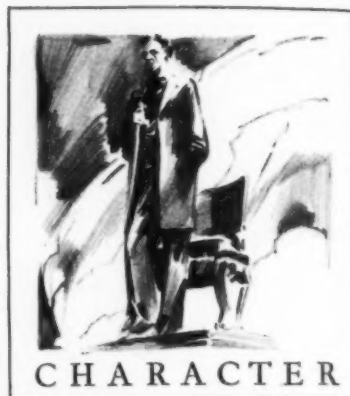
But there has not yet appeared a single car, no matter what its outer resemblance to Chrysler, which does

the things which Chrysler does as the Chrysler does them.

And now the new, finer "70" presents even more epochal developments, which further widen the gap between Chrysler and the commonplace, Chrysler and the conventional.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor (see illustration)—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

And with this newer appearance is the famous chassis—unchanged save for valuable refinements—whose basic performance, dependability and long life have been proved for three years by hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners.



### *Prices That Set a New Measure of Value for Finer Motoring*

	New Prices	Old Prices	Savings
Roadster -	\$1495	\$1525	\$ 30
Brougham -	1525	1745	220
Coupe -	1545	1695	150
Royal Sedan -	1595	1795	200
Crown Sedan -	1795	1895	100

Phaeton, \$1395 Sport Phaeton, \$1495

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

THE NEW, FINER

# CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR





"I WAS TERRIBLY RUN DOWN WHEN I TOOK FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST."

### The Correct Thing

"An invitation to a home wedding demands an answer, and if you find yourself unable to accept, it would be well to avoid evasion in giving your reasons."—*The Book of Etiquette.*

DEAR MR. AND MRS. SPUGGS:

It was gratifying to learn that you

Request the pleasure of my company  
at the marriage of your daughter

JOAN MARIE

to

MR. A. HAMILTON WATTS  
on Saturday the Fourteenth of January  
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven  
at eight o'clock

Fourteen Hundred and Fifty-two One Hundred  
and Ninety-sixth Street.

I regret, however, that I shall be unable to attend owing to a prior engagement at eight o'clock on Saturday the Fourteenth of January with a bootician at Seventeen Hundred and Twenty-eight Forty-fifth Street, telephone Lakeview Three five—(There! I almost gave it away), to be followed by what I am informed will be a boisterous affair in Apartment Sixteen, the Branches, Nine Hundred and Fifty-three Grandview Boulevard.

I might add that I shall continue snubbing the bridegroom until he pays the One Hundred and Fifty Dollars due me as a result of his childish confidence in dear old Harvard.

Cordially yours,  
Gerald Cosgrove.

### After the Holidays

FIRST STUDENT: Have a good time?

SECOND STUDENT: Well, you know how it is. I had to see the family once.



Teacher: WHAT MONTH OF THE YEAR IS THIS?

Pupil: I KNOW—DECEMBER.

Teacher: AND WHO'S COMING TO CALL AT YOUR HOUSE SOME NIGHT BEFORE THIS MONTH IS OVER?

Pupil: AW, I KNOW—THE RADIO INSTALMENT COLLECTOR.

# Life

## The Arms of Morpheus

"SLEEP," said the pessimist, "is but a foretaste of death—that divine nepenthe for which we poor mortals yearn."

"Sleep," said the chemist, "is caused by such an accumulation of toxins that all organic activity must be suspended or minimized pending their elimination through chemical change."

"Sleep!" said the poet, fervently. "Ah, poppy and mandragora and all the drowsy sirups—"

"Sleep," said the business man, "if I can get a good solid eight hours of it, makes me show up at the old desk feeling like a—er—fighting-cock!"

"Sleep," said the philosopher, "is a phenomenon which—"

The wise man sat in the corner and said nothing. He was taking a little nap.  
E. W. H.

## Everywhere Else

PESSIMIST: No matter where you go there are women everywhere—in banks, barber shops, stores, street cars—driving automobiles, swimming—women, women everywhere you go.

OPTIMIST: Did you ever try looking in the home?



### As One Fan to Another

**W**ELL, old timer, if I hadn't just happened to be down on Long Island for a few days, the fox-hunting season would have passed right on without my knowing anything about it. Of course, I could forgive myself for such ignorance, because (so they tell me) plenty of hunt seasons go by and even the foxes haven't the slightest suspicion that they're being hunted.

In fact, there are some skeptics who say that the only way to find a fox on Long Island is to advertise in the New York papers for one.

But that's an exaggeration. I can tell you of my own knowledge that nearly every hunt on Long Island has its private fox; and some of the wealthier ones have two foxes.

Several foxes, unfortunately, have grown old and gray in the hunt's service and will be eligible for pensions at the end of this season. They have completed their stipulated twenty-years' running before the hounds and being "voicked" over every inch of ground from Meadow Brook to Piping Rock.

It's going to be pretty tough for the ardent hunters next year when the more experienced foxes go into their well-earned retirement. The boys and girls are going to be hard up for sport unless something is done about it; and the time to start thinking about it is right now. It would be a shame to see such a splendid sport die because of a shortage of foxes.

I have my own idea about this, old timer, and I don't mind telling it to you. This being a machine age and ours being a country of many mechanisms, why not have a mechanical fox?



### Getting to Be a Big Boy

"MY, BUT YOUR LITTLE BROTHER IS GROWING!"  
 "YES, MA'AM; HE COMES UP TO THE HEM OF MAMA'S SKIRT NOW."



Salome: TAKE THAT BACK AND PUT A HEAD ON IT.

You see the possibilities of the idea at once. Just invent a mechanical fox and the whole country will be wild over the sport. We'll have hunts being organized everywhere. In no time you'll see such sterling organizations as the Ninth Ward Good Government Chowder and Fox-Hunting Association taking to the fields.

With a mechanical fox, you'd also need a pack of mechanical hounds, but this is no great difficulty to surmount. Any good garage man could break a collection of second-hand flivvers to the chase in a month.

Can't you picture the scene on any hunt morning? The pack of flivver hounds trembling with the excitement of the approaching chase. The sturdy tractors, with their distinguished riders, standing about complacently; gentlemen astride, ladies side-saddle. Colorful pink coats everywhere. It would be a glorious sight as the hunt moved off and the scurrying flivvers put their noses to the ground, trying to pick up a scent.

You may enter the objection, old timer, that the greatest feature of fox hunting would be missing, because nobody would come a cropper. To this show of ignorance, I can only reply that you never tried to ride a tractor when it got really excited about anything. You need have no worry about the spills. Just get enough people together and they will take care of this measure themselves.

James Kevin McGuinness.

### The Merry Ha-ha

**POLICEMAN** (to pedestrian, just struck by hit-and-run driver): Did you get his number?

**VICTIM**: No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere.

**H**OW to tell a reformer when you see one: he looks as if poison wouldn't melt in his mouth.

# By Urgent Request

"In addition to measurements and fingerprints, criminals are now being subjected to having phonograph records of their voices made."—*News item.*

SCENE I: *The recording room at Police Headquarters.*

THE SERGEANT: O. K., Gyp. We got your prints; now we want to make a little record of your voice.

GYP MCCREADY (a desperate crook, suddenly coy): Ah, I ain't got me mewsick an' I gotta cold.

THE SERGEANT: Never mind that. Give us a selection.

GYP (clearing his throat): "I drem tatta dwell tinna ma-ha-ha-habbul hawz..." How's 'at?

THE SERGEANT: Terrible!

GYP: Well, how about somepin' jazzy? (He tries again.) "Swe-e-e Taddo-LINE...!"

THE SERGEANT: Woise!

A COP: You ought to get twenty years for that sure.

GYP: I getcha—ya tryin' ta frame me! Nothin' doin'! (A terrific battle ensues, GYP fighting with the outraged dignity of a true artist. He lays out the sergeant and attendant cops and goes out the window.)

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *The same room—later.*

A COP (wearily): We'll all get Flatbush for this.

THE SERGEANT: As clean a getaway as ever I see. Who'd 'a' think it?

(The door opens and GYP MCCREADY, desperate crook, enters.)

ALL THE COPS: What th' —!!

GYP (smiling pleasantly): It's all right, boys. I knew I couldn't do meself justice without no accompaniment, so I went home and got me ukulele. Let'er go, perfessor....

(THIS TIME THE CURTAIN STAYS DOWN.)

H. W. Hanemann.

## Escape

PRUE: Going South for the winter?

SUE: Yes, they say we're going to have a tough, cold janitor.



"AND HOW AM I LOOKING, AUDREY?"

"SPLENDID, BESS. YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER—OVER—BY THE WAY, HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

## Last Resort

MAYME (on crowded trolley car): Watcha got in that package, Sadie?

SADIE: One o' them portable radios.

MAYME: Chee! If yuh can tune in "The Star Spangled Banner" meb-be we can git a seat.

## The Truth About Christmas

HOW soon after Christmas do you give the baby the greeting cards to play with?

What rule do you follow about gifts for cousins? Cousins-in-law?

What part of your Christmas expense did your Christmas savings fund cover?

Did any relative ever surprise you by a really generous gift? How long were you laid up?

Do you ever read Christmas editorials in the newspapers? What do you think should be done about them?

McC. H.

MRS. A.: Is your husband a good loser?

MRS. B.: No. A permanent one!



"JUST GIVE ME A RECEIPT FOR THAT MONEY TO SHOW MY WIFE, WILL YOU?"

"SURE, BUD—IS ONE ENOUGH?"

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"WELL, my dear, I have ACTUALLY come to the conclusion that girls who NECK are really FRIGHTfully FOOLish because I mean I think MEN all sort of preTEND to like NECKers, my dear, but they would ACTUALLY never MARRY a necker because I mean men REALLY sort of HATE girls who make themselves CHEAP and everything because I mean I think a promIScuous necker is ACTUALLY reVOLTING... I mean I HONestly DO! But I mean I think a girl CAN kind of get AWAY with a little disCRIMinating necking now and THEN, my dear, because I mean I think there is ACTUALLY nothing more deLICious than necking when it is kind of at the opportUNE moment with a really aDORable sort of MAN who is disCREET, my dear, because I mean it is a kind of eMOtional reLIEF when you are ACTUALLY feeling kind of WILD and it is MOONlight in a caNOE or something and you are sort of tempoRARily enGAGED for the time BEING, I mean, because I mean I think there is ACTUALLY every exCUSE in the WORLD for NECKing under THOSE circumstances, my dear. But I mean I think it is the MOST poisonous thing in the WORLD, my dear, when a girl sort of NECKs anybody who comes aLONG because I mean she is SIMPLY making herself CHEAP and she may be frightfully POPular and everything but simply NObody will ever MARRY her because I mean she has the repuTATION of being a NECKER, my dear, which I mean is SIMPLY fatal... I mean it ACTUALLY IS! Well, ANYway, my dear, I have ACTUALLY deCided to give up NECKing coMPLETELY because I mean I HONestly don't think hardly ANY of the men you meet NOWadays are disCREET, my dear... I mean I ACTUALLY DON'T!"

Lloyd Mayer.

## His Job

VISITOR: Well, Willie, when your mother has company she always has a little job for you, I suppose.

WILLIE: Yes, I count the guest towels after the company goes.

## Several Good Programs on the Air

(Pick out your wavelength and tune the others out.)

THIS North yes being leads sir National the she's Suspender four my Week of baby this diamonds no station East sir has plays don't the the mean honor seven maybe of South yes presenting plays sir to the she's you king my as and baby its West now next plays the speaker the Loony a ten Melody man spot Boys well the will qualified reason sing to why as talk South their on played next this the number subject king She's Mr. instead A Embonpoint of Wonderful who the Marvelous has jack Beautiful never is Dumbbell worn because But a of I belt North's Love in original Her his bid Just life...

Bill Sykes.

## The Diary of a Herrin Gangster

MONDAY—Killed three policemen—escaped.

Tuesday—Shot a trooper—escaped.

Wednesday—Knifed a gangster—escaped.

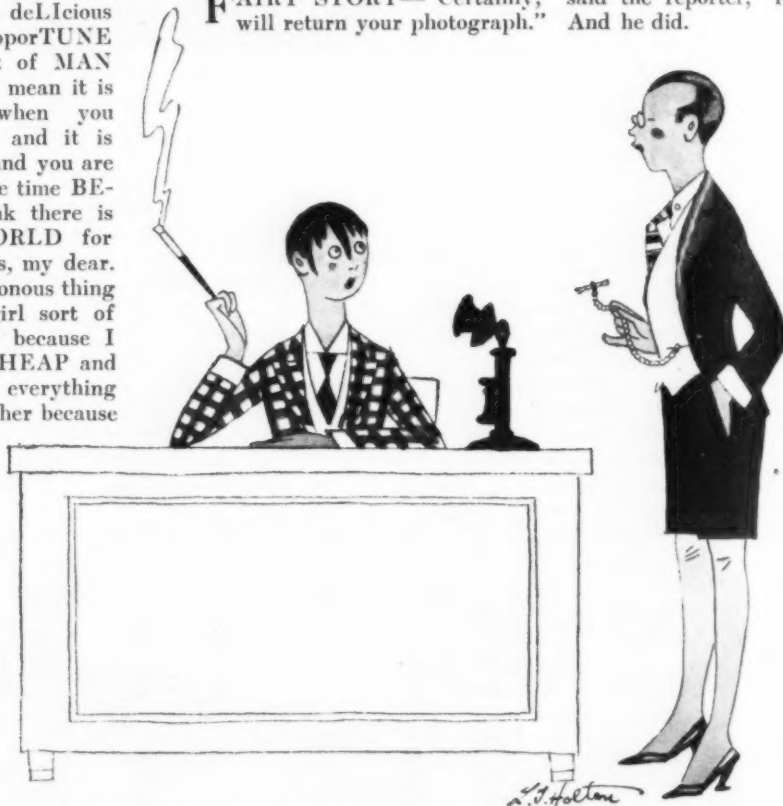
Thursday—Shot up town, killed six men—escaped.

Friday—Machine-gunned the Mayor and city council—escaped.

Saturday—Stood in front of post-office waiting to rob mail and kill postmaster—arrested for loafing.

K. W. H.

FAIRY STORY—"Certainly," said the reporter, "I will return your photograph." And he did.



First Lucy Stoner: BUT, MY DEAR, YOU WERE ALWAYS SO KEEN ON GEORGE! WHY TURN HIM DOWN?

Second Lucy Stoner: DON'T BE SILLY, HELEN; YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL HIS LAST NAME IS THE SAME AS MINE.





*Customer:* HAVE YOU ANY WHISKY?  
*Drug Clerk:* NO, BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING JUST AS BAD.

### "He Got the Job"

"WELL," inquired the man in the swivel chair as the seventy-fourth applicant of the day strode into his office, "have you had a thorough education in art?"

"Yes, sir," answered the applicant confidently, "I have."

"Studied in Europe?"

"Yes. Four years at the Beaux Arts."

"And you're sure you could guide visitors through this place competently?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Well, we shall see. What were the three Greek orders?"

"Ionic, Corinthian, and Doric."

"Very good. What are the outstanding features of Gothic architecture?"

"Pointed arches, vertical accent, skeletal frame-work with small wall space and large windows. This contrasts with the Romanesque where—"

"Whoa. Whoa. That's enough. And you'd be able to explain reproductions of great painters to inquiring visitors?"

"Certainly. The perspec-

tive of Fabriano, the power and religious fervor of Masaccio, the splendid chiaroscuro of Leonardo, the relentless realism of Rembrandt, the brilliant color tones of Veronese, born 1528, died—"

"Splendid! Now name some important sculptors."

"Praxiteles, Michelangelo, Houdon, Donatello, Bernini, Clodion, Cellini—"

"You'll do. Now go and get your overalls on," concluded J. Herman Mosinsky, proprietor of the Ducal Filling Station, Inc., "and give that customer out there a few gallons of gas."

*Parke Cummings.*



FARM RELIEF.

### Pictures in the Smoke

OH, gallant was the first love, and glittering and fine;

The second love was water in a clear white cup;

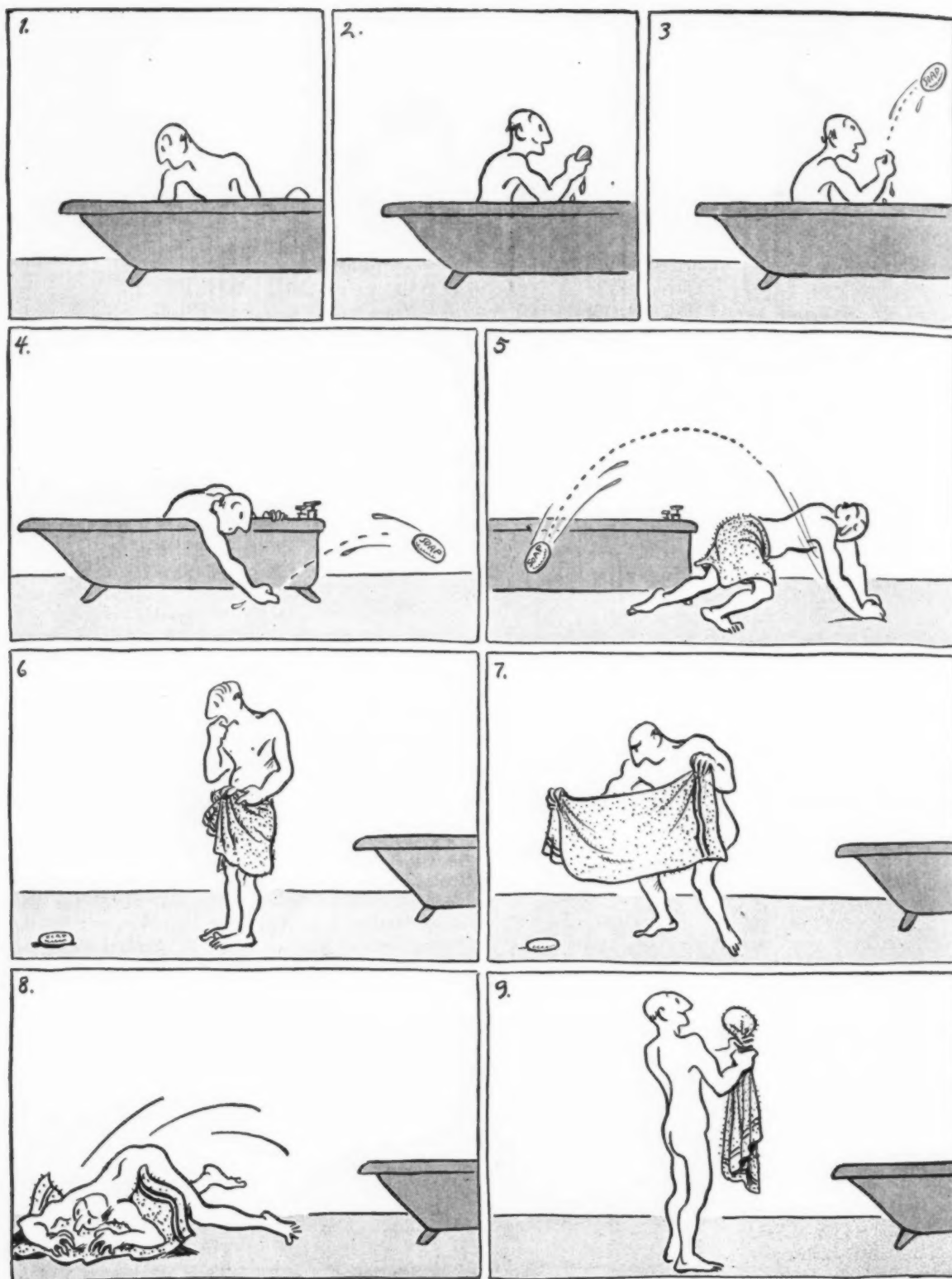
The third love was his, and the fourth was mine;

And after that, I always get them all mixed up.

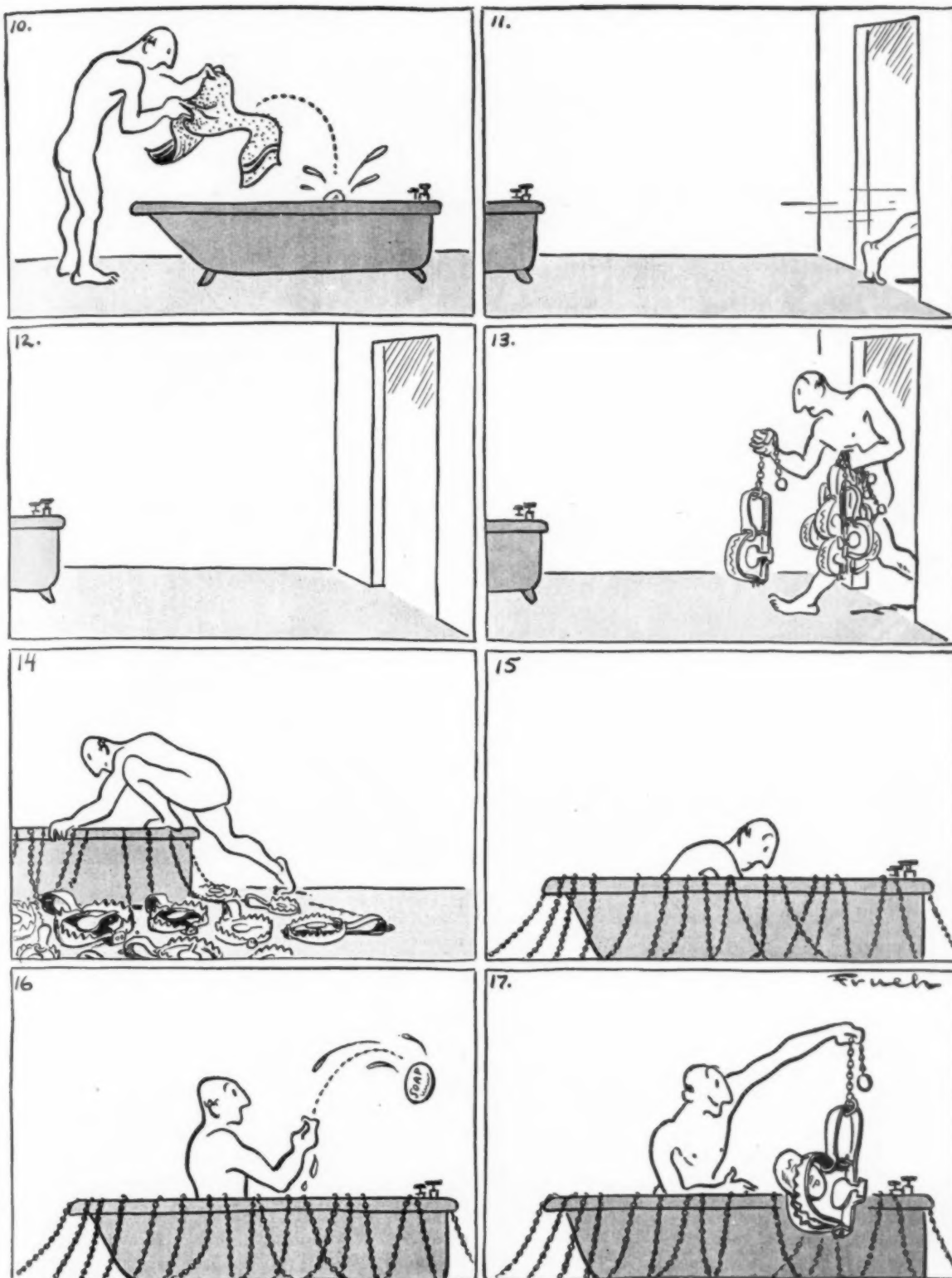
*Dorothy Parker.*

"TRUTH, crushed to earth, will rise again."

"Yes—if it is sufficiently scandalous."



Woodcraft in the Home—



The Wily Trapper Outwits the Elusive Soap





The Gay Nineties

"MY DEAR, YOU *must* BE MORE CAREFUL. JUST NOW WHEN YOU STEPPED INTO THE CARRIAGE I COULD SEE CLEAR UP TO YOUR SHOE TOPS!"

### One on Santa

SANTA CLAUS returned to his humble home—Kamp Kris Kringle, it was called—and settled down before the blazing gas logs for a good long rest.

"What's the trouble, Santa?" inquired the solicitous Mrs. Claus. "You look discouraged."

"Christmas ain't what it used to be," sighed the tried old saint.

"I know—it never is," she conceded.

"But this year it ain't what it used to be more than ever. It's those kids..."

"Don't any of them believe in you any more?"

"No, it isn't that. I went down millions of chimneys and surprised millions of children who were waiting up for me and—and..."

His voice choked.

"And what?"

"And not one of them made any wise-cracks at my expense."

"Why, Santa!" gasped Mrs. Claus, cheerily. "That's a gag in itself. You ought to sell that to one of the comic papers."

And—sure enough—he did.

### The Cigarette Manufacturer Chooses a Wife

SWEET.

Fragrant.

Mild as May.

Extraordinary delicacy.

No after-effect.

High Quality.

Something better.

Unchanging good taste.

Endorsed by scions of royalty.

Ask Dad. He knows.

AN amateur plays according to Hoyle; a professional, according to Pyle.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

November  
16th

A great rain falling this day, I did decide to keep my couch, never having held with Wordsworth that

there is no weather which it is not better to be out in than in out of. The journals still full of the Hall-Mills murder case, on

which the most intelligent comment yet made, methinks, is that of the mystery-play fan who suggested to Heywood Brown that probably Senator Simpson had done the deed, because he is the last one that anybody in the audience would suspect. My desire to go to at least one session of this trial increases,

in especial since I did learn that Lydia Loomis, who has no more connection with it than I, has managed to get herself subpoenaed as a witness through the influence of one of New Jersey's big-wigs, attends every day, and thinks she may be able to do something of the sort for me, albeit Sam has threatened me with divorce if he hears of my so much as setting foot in Somerset County. Of course it is prearranged that Lyd is not to be called, but Lord! how wickedly it would delight me if somebody should make a mistake and hale her to the stand, her grandfather having barely recovered from re-writing his last will after disinheriting her for the third time because she did develop another flair for an actor. Reading also this morning how the Browning separation suit is to come up on December 4, I could not but ponder the stupidity of Mistress Peaches in not waiting until after Christmas for her legal rapprochements, and was thereby reminded casually to give Sam the idea that good seats for the Ring cycle in February might do nicely as one of my stocking presents. My appetite capricious, as it is always when I am idle unduly, so I did summon my

(Continued on page 37)

## The Innocent Bystander Again

IT was two o'clock in the morning. She lay awake, her ears strained to catch every sound. There were footsteps in the hall, she had no doubt of it. They were light, as though guarded, but she heard them. There was a low grating in the keyhole—a scraping of metal upon metal. Then the lock clicked.

She arose — slowly, determinedly — and drew a thirty-eight calibre automatic from under the pillow. As she left her room with the gun clutched lightly in her shaking fingers, the door creaked open.

The light from the vestibule revealed the figure of a man. She, standing back

near the wall of the inner hall, was unseen by him. As he slowly pushed back the door, she took careful aim—and fired. He fell, face down, upon the rug.

She switched on the light, rushed to where he lay, bent over the huddled form and felt for the beating of his heart. There was none; he was dead.

Her own heart skipped a beat at this discovery and she trembled. But, though frightened, she was glad that her aim had been true. "He had it coming to him," she told herself. "The law protects, rather than prosecutes, a woman in a case like this." Consoled with this thought, her hands ceased to tremble, and when the beating of her heart abated, she turned the limp form upon its back. "My God!" she cried in desperation. "What have I done?"

She saw the dim outline of the gallows now, as she looked again at the features that stared up at her. She had made a mistake: the man she had killed was not her husband, but an innocent burglar!

Jack Auburn Pennmann.

## Silenced

CHIROPRACTOR: I had a patient to-day whose spine—

WIFE: Stop! I don't want to hear any more of your back talk.



How Could She?

Young Thing: HORACE WANTS US TO GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY.

Mother: THEN HADN'T YOU BETTER ASK HIM WHETHER HE CAN SUPPORT A WIFE?

"BUT MOTHER! I CAN'T ASK HIM THAT! WE HARDLY KNOW EACH OTHER!"



Floorwalker: THAT CUSTOMER SAID YOU DID NOT SHOW HER COMMON CIVILITY.

Salesgirl: UH, I SHOWED HER EVERYTHING IN THIS DEPARTMENT.



**Famous Attorney:** SON, MR. JONES SAW YOU THROW THAT BRICK THROUGH HIS GARAGE WINDOW HIMSELF. YOU TRIED TO LIE, ETC.

**His Son:** JUST A MOMENT, DAD. IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE ACCUSED DOESN'T HAVE TO GIVE TESTIMONY THAT WILL INCRIMINATE HIM. IN THE SECOND PLACE, ETC.

### News Item

WITH a view to future courtroom love-note reading, the National Association of Editors of Tabloid Newspapers has taken time by the forelock and issued the following advice to misunderstood husbands:

"In addressing your surreptitious (we looked the word up and can vouch for it) love, it is well to use some term of endearment. The following have received almost universal approval. Use one or more at your pleasure.

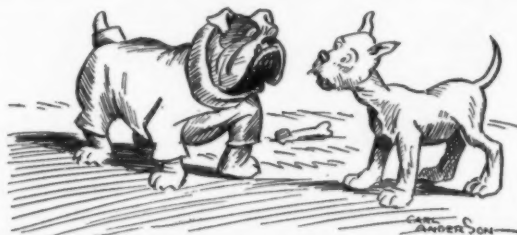
"Girlikins, babykins, honeykins, sweetikins, lovikins, dream-girl, dream-mate, dream-queen, dream-love, dream-darling, wonder-girl, wonder-mate, wonder-baby, wonder-love, wonder-darling, wonder-queen, and so on.

"The possibilities for grouping and combinations are practically inexhaustible. For instance, 'wonder' or 'dream' may be prefixed to any of the terms ending in 'kins,' as 'dream-honeykins,' 'wonder-honeykins,' or 'dream - wonder - honeykins.' Use as many hyphens as you possibly can.

"The effect is always heightened if 'my own,' or, better, 'my ownney own' is placed before the entire phrase." R. L. T.

### Revision

NONE but the brave deserts the fair.



**Dusty:** BY THE WAY, OLD BEAN, WHO IS YOUR TAILOR?

### They've Got to Be Classics

"NOW what are we to do for material?" asked the editor of the *Solid Silver Book*, a magazine devoted for years to reprints of the Great Classics. "We have one million subscribers to satisfy and not a single thing left to satisfy them with. What are we to do?"

His staff was silent. They knew that every last item of classical literature had been reprinted by the magazine, and every item at least a dozen times.

"Come on, suggest something," the editor pleaded. "Here we are. We've done everything classical by everybody classical — all the English and American writers, all the Greeks, Romans, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Russians, Orientals, Scandinavians — every conceivable great name of literature has been published in our magazine. And now... well,

gentlemen, without great names we are lost, that's all."

The silence deepened, and the editor grew whimsical. "Of course, if we could make our plight known to Homer or Shakespeare or Boccaccio or Balzac or De Maupassant, we might persuade them to send in contributions. But that is physically impossible."

"Oh, but not metaphysically!" cried an assistant editor who had once conducted the Sunday supplement of a city newspaper. "Don't forget the spirit world!"

"What do you mean?" demanded the editor.

"I mean," shouted the assistant, "that if we'll send out for two cartons of Camels, and sit down at our typewriters, we shall receive a sequel to the *Odyssey* from the spirit world—direct from Homer. With luck we ought to get an eleventh book of the *Decameron*, another slab of the *Human Comedy*, more *Dark Lady* sonnets, and new red-hot stuff from De Maupassant."

The Camels were sent for, and two months later the circulation of the *Solid Silver Book* went soaring into its second million.

Tupper Greenwald.

AS if it were necessary to prove that time flies, talk is now heard of modernizing one of Bernard Shaw's plays.



"ARE YOU GOING TO THE FLOWER SHOW?"

"NO, IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE. I THINK I'LL STAY HOME AND GET IT OVER THE RADIO."



## Ballad of Bootlegger Bill

"WAKE up, wake up, Bootlegger Bill,  
And pull on your pants and shoon;  
Let it never be said a mate o' mine  
Has failed to bring home the moon."

He's mounted him on his two-ton truck  
And pushed down quick on the gas,  
With a cough and a purr she's ta'en the  
road,  
A galleon of glittering brass.

"Take it in high, oh, take it in high,"  
Says crafty old Bootlegger Bill;  
"We're goin' fine, and soon at the Line,  
And soon at the dry-gin mill."

Oh, he's come to the Line, and he's come  
to the mill,  
And he's filled his truck to the eaves,  
And he's turned her round, and he's home-  
ward bound  
As the chill wind flutters the leaves.

Oh, he's come to the Line and he's peered  
ahead

To see whate'er he can see,  
And there in the glen are the Agents ten,  
All armed from head to knee!

"Get down, get down, Bootlegger Bill,  
And hold your hands up high.  
We've got ye cold; you're too damned old  
To be comin' through with the rye."

"Oh, hold your fire," says Bootlegger Bill,  
"And have a drink on me.  
I admit I'm through; glad of it, too—  
Night-life has been gettin' me."

Bootlegger Bill's laid down his arms  
And passed the seething bowl—  
The Agents ten drink once again,  
And get knocked for a blooming goal.

Oh, Bootlegger Bill's on his two-ton truck  
And has stepped upon the gas;  
With a cough and a purr she's ta'en the  
road,  
A galleon of clattering glass.

"Wake up, wake up, O mate o' mine,  
And make me my breakfast soon.  
'Twill never be said a mate o' thine  
Has failed to bring home the moon."

M. S. Peterson.

THE United States potato crop is below normal this year, which may indicate that restaurant hash in the future will have a higher meat content than the standard 2.75 per cent.



### Try and Fool 'Em!

*Kid I:* HOW D'YE THINK WE'LL MAKE OUT THIS CHRISTMAS?

*Kid II:* FINE. JUST HEARD P-A-P-A SAY THAT HE WAS DOWN TO SEE S-A-N-T-A, AND THAT HE WAS GONNA GET US ALL THE T-O-Y-S THAT KIN BE S-P-E-L-T!

### Nothing to It

AUDREY: Some salesman, Jack—backed Henrietta into a corner, and sold himself to her in less than five minutes.

IRENE: Yes—she's been waiting for a chance to trade herself in!

### Antiques

FURNITURE SALESMAN: These chairs, madam, are genuine Adams.

CUSTOMER (looking them over): But where are the worm holes?

SALESMAN: Oh, you are thinking of Adam's apples!



### Absolutely Peaceful

Prospective Guest: IS THIS A QUIET ROOM?

Landlady: SURE, AN' IT'S THAT QUIET YE CAN HEAR THIM BLASTING FER AN APARTMINT HOUSE NEXT DOOR.



"Say, mister, you don't need a hand, do you?"

### Transcript of a Maiden's Thoughts

"I LOOK beautiful to-night I wish I were going out with somebody I liked I wish this Potkins man would have his hair cut he looks like something out of the zoo why is it we girls have to be just the same to everybody but if I didn't go to this party I'd be miserable because I'd always think I'd missed something it will probably be an awful bore but you've got to keep going or you'll lose out this dress certainly is becoming and the new way I do my hair makes me look like Ann Harding gosh she's lovely-looking I'll bet I'd be a hit on the stage I really think I have talent Heaven knows I've had enough practice pretending to enjoy myself with poisonous people like this Potkins person there goes the door-bell I suppose it's him and I haven't even got my lipstick on yet well it'll do the boob good to wait gosh I hate to go with him but lots of girls will have worse anyway that's some consolation I'm crazy to encourage Jim Fitts but the minute I did he'd chuck me but I think he's heavenly I love dark men they're so brutal-looking and masterly like movie heroes gosh how I wish I were going with somebody who appreciated me instead of this sap who's always proposing but anyways I'll see Jim and heavens I've kept that dumb brute waiting twenty minutes already but he'd wait all night gosh what fools men are I look beautiful."

Lloyd Mayer.

### Without a Peer

HE memorizes the dear old school's basketball schedule.

He knows when the baseball practice begins.

He has his ear cocked for a good high-school tenor to send along for the glee club.

He knows the names of the cross-country runners.

He is the perfect alumnus.

He guarantees the receipts for the dramatic society when it plays his town.

McC. H.

NEVERTHELESS it could be worse. If they called them Blind Pigges prices would go still higher.



THE WINDOW SHOPPER

"THE people of this country are unbelievably stupid."  
"You said it. Let's start a new magazine."

### If They Talked as Men Do

SCENE: Hotel lobby.

MRS. G.: Well, well, well, if it isn't old—

MRS. R.: Well, well, well.  
(They pump hands and slap each other on the back.)

MRS. G.: Well, well, well, where was it I saw you last? League of Women Voters! My, let me see—three years ago—well, well, how old tempus fugits.

MRS. R.: What you doing now? Still in the home-girl game?

MRS. G.: No, I severed my connections with that last June thirtieth—end of the fiscal year, you know—ha, ha.

MRS. R.: You don't say. Well, I rated you with enough percentage to see that the returns in that game wouldn't hold up.

MRS. G.: Most uncertain returns of any game, and the overhead was something fierce. When George showed me I'd finally end up on the red side of the ledger, I didn't offer any sales resistance.

MRS. R.: Well, well, what game you in now?

MRS. G.: Oh, I'm in the mother game now.

MRS. R.: Great, so am I.

MRS. G.: Well, well, well.

MRS. R.: Well, well.

V. S. L.



A Dud!

Paul: I LONG AGO LEARNED TO THINK TWICE BEFORE I SPEAK.

Betty: LET'S GO IN AND DANCE!





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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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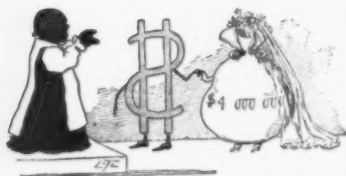
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

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THERE is trouble in the ecclesiastical world, and running over from that into the polite world, because the Church of Rome has nullified a Protestant marriage. The marriage was done in the best style about a generation ago with benefits of clergy, lawyers, enormous advertisement and large and very formal settlements. It was the marriage of William K. Vanderbilt's daughter to the Duke of Marlborough. Now the Catholic Church says it was no marriage because the bride really did not consent, but was coerced by her mother. Coercion will be readily believed by everybody that knows, or knows about, the parties in question. But still two children were born of the marriage and still live, and are legitimate and heirs of their father and mother. It seems, however, that the marriage itself broke down some years ago. The wife married a Frenchman, the husband another American lady. It was not a good job, for all the brass bands, settlements and Bishops.

BUT Bishop Manning complains with the gravest emphasis that the marriage has been annulled by the organization at Rome. So far as formalities go, if that was not a valid marriage you cannot make one. To annul it was an affront to the Episcopal Church in the United States and indeed in England too. Dr. Manning has published his disapproval from the pulpit. He certainly should disapprove. His posi-

tion demands it. But the laity, without disrespect, may reasonably be amused.

The action of the experts at Rome seems not really to have done any harm except to the authority of the Episcopal Church. The parties to the first marriage, having each contracted a second marriage, are not damaged any by having the first marriage nullified. The children of the first marriage are legitimate and, being grown up, they have not been hurt, but the Episcopal Church has been publicly exposed as the maker, and one might say the guarantor, of a marriage that did not wash, and was found invalid by the high experts of Rome.



ON top of these divorces of the Marlboroughs and ex-Marlboroughs comes a report, interesting though denied, of the nullification by these same experts of the marriage of Virginia Fair, that was, to William K. Vanderbilt, brother of Consuelo who married Marlborough. His father, William K. Vanderbilt, the grandson of Cornelius the Go-Getter, was an able, generous and affectionate man. He married a lady named Smith and had three or four children. In due time his wife divorced him and married Oliver Belmont and now as his widow is still active and well known. Mr. Vanderbilt ("Willie K.") married a second time and after much useful service in this country spent his last years in Paris, devoting himself considerably to racing horses. Of his children, his

eldest son and his daughter were unlucky, as noted, in their first marriages.

Money seems not to have done that family much good, for a really successful marriage is something beyond all price, and the attempts of this group of Vanderbilts to attain to it seem to have been unduly awkward. When people with so many marital advantages cannot make successful marriages it does look as if there was something the matter with society; but after all, how far money is an advantage in making a good marriage is matter for discussion.



PRINCETON, which at this writing has in prospect the discussion of football troubles with Harvard, has also another altercation on hand. It is not so important as the football row, being only a showdown in the theological seminary about matters of doctrine or policy; but even so, it contributes in an interesting way to the general disorder, for really the times are very disorderly. Dr. Fosdick lately remarked on it in a sermon, speculating on the chances whether the United States can survive its present prosperity. It came through hard times, he said, for several centuries, and flourished and grew strong, but now with a third of all the wealth of the world in its possession, it looks to Dr. Fosdick rather wobbly. Thirty murders a day in the United States now! Three thousand armored motor cars lately ordered to transport our mail! That looks troublesome, and Dr. Fosdick is not greatly comforted by the prospect, as planned, that "a large part of all the people of Europe for sixty years to come will be paying all their surplus earnings into our pockets."

No, these are very curious times. These marital flipflaps of Vanderbilts are just a part of them, not important in themselves but interesting as symptoms, and that is true of most of what we read in the newspapers from day to day. What is really important from the point of view of news is whether the Pope will apologize to Bishop Manning for annulling these Protestant marriages.

E. S. Martin.





"All quiet along the Potomac—"



Ready Relief



The Girl Who Fainted at the  
Fraternity House Dance

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**An American Tragedy.** *Longacre*—All the old junk, with a sex scene now and then to make it seem daring. Not an impressive structure.

**Autumn Fire.** *Wallack's*—Irish goings-on which are better than most.

**Caponsacchi.** *Hampden's*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Captive.** *Empire*—The play jury has passed this, which makes the verdict unanimous so far as we are concerned. A fine play well done.

**Civic Repertory Theatre.** (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne and her company in a praiseworthy attempt to do something valuable. See papers for this week's offering.

**The Constant Wife.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Ethel Barrymore's new vehicle. To be reviewed next week.

**The Donovan Affair.** *Fulton*—Considerable to-do over a society stabbing.

**Lily Sue.** *Lyceum*—Good old-fashioned Western melodrama, Belasco brand.

**Lulu Belle.** *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric at her best as the colored cocotte who beat the game as far as Paris.

**Moscow Theatre Habima.** *Mansfield*—Repertory in Hebrew. Probably not to be reviewed later.

**Mozart.** *Music Box*—Irene Bordoni as the boy composer—English version. To be reviewed next week.

**Naked.** *Princess*—Considerable brain-functioning by Pirandello.

**Ned McCobb's Daughter.** *John Golden*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Noose.** *Hudson*—Another Willard Mack thriller, with a good performance by Rex Cherryman.

**Pygmalion.** *Guild*—Shaw's delightful play, with Lynn Fontanne in a rôle made for her.

**Seed of the Brute.** *Comedy*—A study of heredity with considerable bold talk, highly dramatic in spots and always interesting.

**Sex.** *Daly's*—Third-rate shocker.

**The Squall.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Up the Line.** *Morocco*—Harvard prize-play. To be reviewed later.

**The Witch.** *Greenwich Village*—Alice Brady as another sex-troubled lady, this time in costume.

**The Woman Disputed.** *Forrest*—How one girl was able to save the A. E. F. from the Germans. Ann Harding and Lowell Sherman.

**Yellow.** *National*—Fairly regulation melodrama.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—It has been suggested that we run this under the "More or Less Serious" heading. It certainly is no laughing matter.

**Broadway.** *Broadhurst*—New York's underworld as the locale for a deftly wrought and perfectly done play.

**Cécile Sorel and the Comédie Française Co.** *Cosmopolitan*—To be reviewed later.

**Daisy Mayme.** *Playhouse*—A gem of characterization by George Kelly.

**First Love.** *Booth*—Fay Bainter, assisted by Bruce McRae and Geoffrey Kerr, making a rather sappy play very nice indeed.

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.** *Times Square*—If you liked the book there is no reason why you shouldn't like this, especially with June Walker, Edna Hibbard and G. P. Huntley.

**The Judge's Husband.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Well, William Hodge is in it.

**The Ladder.** *Waldorf*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Little Spitfire.** *Cort*—What's the idea of this running as long as this?

**Loose Ankles.** *Garrick*—What the gigolos talk about behind their matrons' backs. Pretty amusing.

**Old Bill, M. P.** *Biltmore*—Reviewed in this issue.

**On Approval.** *Gaiety*—Very nice banter by an excellent cast headed by Wallace Eddinger.

**The Play's the Thing.** *Henry Miller's*—Holbrook Blinn in a clever manipulation of an old theme by Molnar.

**This Was a Man.** *Klaw*—Noel Coward's first play of the season. To be reviewed next week.

**We Americans.** *Elling*—An honest and well-acted story of East Side life.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Americana.** *Belmont*—Small but smart.

**Countess Maritza.** *Shubert*—Viennese score elaborately produced.

**Cris-Cross.** *Globe*—For the several million Fred Stone fans.

**The Desert Song.** *Casino*—To be reviewed later.

**Gay Paree.** *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Honeymoon Lane.** *Knickerbocker*—Eddie Dowling in a good show of an old type.

**Katja.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Moderate entertainment.

**Oh, Kay!** *Imperial*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Queen High.** *Ambassador*—Good Grade-A show, with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

**The Ramblers.** *Lyric*—Those comical boys, Clark and McCullough, in a big show.

**Scandals of 1926.** *Apollo*—The big revue of the town.

**Sunny.** *New Amsterdam*—In its last weeks. Don't miss it.

**Twinkle-Twinkle.** *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

**Vanities of 1926.** *Earl Carroll*—Lots of girls and comedians.

## REMOVING ALTERNATE NOTES FROM THE MUSIC CYLINDERS IN A GRIND ORGAN FACTORY

SOMEHOW, GOOD MUSIC DOESN'T STIR THE EMOTION OF CHARITY

I ONCE KNEW A BLIND VIOLINIST WHO PLAYED SO WELL HE NEVER MADE A CENT



BEHIND THE SCENES OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.



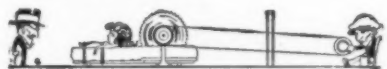


## Bang! Bang!

**T**RUE to our promise (see bound volume, "Benchley Promises," July-Dec., 1926. No. 472. "To leave theatre at first sound of broken English spoken by native heroine"), we left "The Squall" at the end of the first act.

In the first place, since the scene was in "the little village of Quejano, near Granada" and every one was presumably speaking Spanish anyway, it seemed a little gratuitous to have Nubi speak broken English. Granted that she probably spoke broken Spanish—or whatever it is that Spanish gypsies speak—we might have been given the benefit of the doubt. And broken Spanish can't be as offensive as broken English in a heroine. A proud people like the Spanish gypsies *must* do better than "Nubi good girl—Nubi stay here—Nubi love papa, papa love Nubi," even in Spanish.... Oh, well, who cares?

Furthermore, during the first act occurred the cataclysm of nature euphemistically referred to in the title as "the squall." If that passes as a "squall" in Granada County, small wonder that the Spanish are a backward race. They are probably frightened out of several years' growth each time there is a thunder storm. In a "squall" the heavens become inky for at least fifteen minutes, rain lashes through the roof, and an imported Krupp battery is hauled into position just behind the back-drop to crash mountains into each other and lift off the secondary and tertiary strata of the earth's surface. So we really left "The Squall" more in terror than in anger. We were, to all intents and purposes, blown out of our seat.



**P**ERHAPS we were a little jumpy at "The Squall" because of having sat through "Old Bill, M.P." the night before. In "Old Bill, M.P.," they blow up a mine on you. You would be surprised at the number of blasts necessary to blow up a fair-sized mine, and at the noise that each blast feels called upon to make. After one spine-hoisting detonation all the lights in the theatre went out, including those over the fire-exits, and there was silence for half a minute. One sat and waited for the roof to come slithering down and for the sound of boys shouting extras in the street outside. But gradually a little light appeared in the middle of the back drop and soon there was a jagged aperture high up in the scene disclosing the figures of three miners holding hands, much as the vision of Happy Childhood Days in Passy used to appear to Peter Ibbetson in his dreams. It was *Old Bill*, with Bert and Alf, and they were sing-

ing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." That's the kind of show "Old Bill, M.P." is.

In spite of all this, one may derive quite a bit of ingenuous entertainment from Capt. Bairnsfather's play. All one has to do is to forget that it is 1926 and that there has ever been anything different from the shows that used to throw one's local opera house into a sweat of terror at the approach of the off-stage locomotive. Not since the old sawmill scene, when the dreadful blade crept closer and closer to *Paul Remington* bound and gagged in its path, has there been any scenic effect so unconvincing as the rising tide in the mine around the three trapped miners—or so delightful. Get some peanuts and go to see "Old Bill, M.P."



**F**OR one who thrilled immoderately to Walter Hampden's *Cyrano* we are strangely unmoved by his other representations, even so worthy a one as "Caponsacchi." We understand that this is a fine thing; that the play which has been fashioned from Browning's "The Ring and the Book" is far above the average of such poetic drama, and that an evening at Hampden's Theatre should count for ten on your personal improvement chart.

This may very well be, but we got just a little tired at "Caponsacchi." In fact, we had to be spoken to by the gentleman sitting at our left. We would be the last one to decry this venture of Mr. Hampden's, but we do hope that no one presses us for information about all that happens in it.

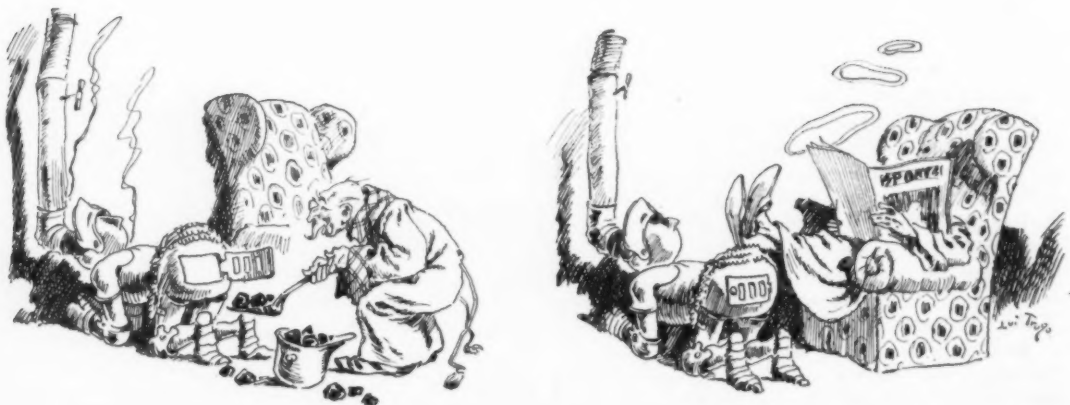
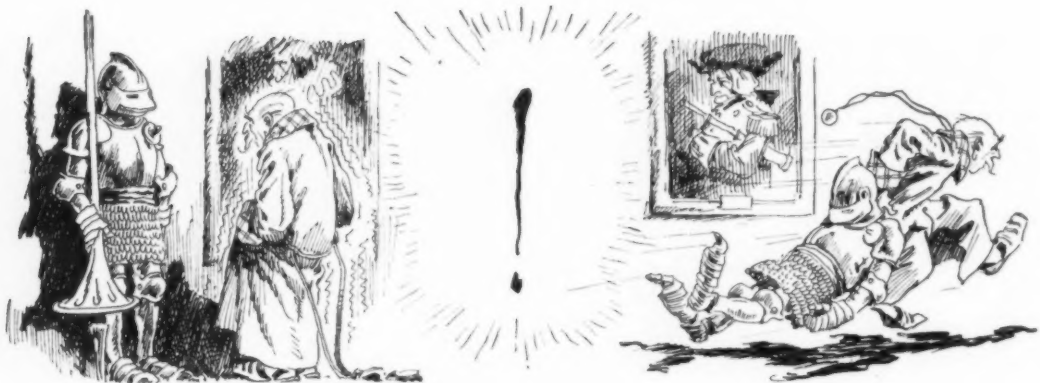


**I**T is a good idea to stop going to musical comedies for a while. They all seem so much nicer when you start going again. We looked in on two during the past week, two at the opposite poles of musical entertainment, and found them both pleasant.

"Oh, Kay!" is one of the shows at which dinner parties will be ending up for many months to come. An inveterate diner-out will probably see "Oh, Kay!" fifteen or twenty times during the season. It could exist entirely on its class, but it also has Gertrude Lawrence, Oscar Shaw, Victor Moore and Gershwin music. So you see.

At the Winter Garden there is an entirely different type of show, "Gay Paree." Your (and my) inveterate diner-out will probably never end up at "Gay Paree," but there will be thousands who will go if only to see Chic Sale. And a very good idea it will be, too.

Robert Benchley.



The Wintry Knight



## A Good Place to Live in New York

By Den Herold

AFTER trying any number of residential locations in and around New York City for several years and finding none of them satisfactory, I believe I have at last thought of a place in which I should like to live.

It is the Pennsylvania Station.

I have just sent in my application to the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad and asked them if they will accept me as a roomer, or paying guest, in their New York terminal.

I have hinted that I should like them to accommodate my wife and five-year-old girl, too, because I think the station would be a convenient place for my wife to shop and a nice place for my little girl to play, but if they do not want to take in my family I will come alone. The family is a detail on which I shall not insist.

For some time I have been outlining in my own mind the advantages of the Pennsylvania Station as a residential possibility, and they are indeed alluring.

In the first place, I feel that the Pennsylvania Station in itself will offer me all the wide-open spaces that my nature will ever need. I can step out into the middle of that great central room and bend my neck upwards and breathe deep and look at the maps of the world around the walls and get all of God's great out-of-doors that I shall ever want.

No other place in New York, with the exception of Grand Central Station, is so convenient at the same time to the city and the suburbs, though I am equally disgusted with the city

and the suburbs and hope I shall never have to see either of them again. (One should be able to live without ever having to see much of the suburbs or of the city either.)

There is plenty of room for long walks, and I might even make arrangements for horseback rides.

If I should ever have to go out West, I would be right there convenient to the trains.

If I should ever have to go to New York, I would be convenient to the subway.

If my relatives should ever come to visit me they could stop at a nearby hotel at night and come over and sit with me in the waiting room in the daytime. I understand the table-board is very good.

There are plenty of large clocks by which to tell time, plenty of telephones, hot and cold running water, good heat and light, and there is good porter service. And I should have, virtually right in my own room, a drug store, book store, fruit store, etc.

Furthermore, the situation would throw me into contact with some of the best people.

I hope the Pennsylvania Railroad officials will, if they are unwilling to turn one of the larger rooms over to me, at least allow me to put a cot in one corner of the station somewhere. I will exchange references.

A SCIENTIST says that Mars has a mean temperature of 68 and springtime the year round. So Mars has started a Chamber of Commerce!



THE SMART SET

## Yuletide Problem

A KIDDIE car for Betty and a radio for Ben,  
A runabout for Hetty, and for Joe a fountain pen,  
A silver set for Mother and a check or two, of course,  
And I can't forget my brother or the office force.

A quart, perhaps, of this or that for old Judge Blam,  
Who went so nobly to the bat when I was in a jam.  
The weather, too, is turning wet, the streets are damp and cold,  
And I have simply got to get my shoes half-soled.

A. M. S., Jr.

## Nobody's Business

SHE: What's the best way to keep a New Year's resolution?

HE: To yourself.



## the SILENT DRAMA



## "We're in the Navy Now"

**A**CTING on the theory that one good box-office knockout deserves another, those distinguished purveyors of high-class entertainment, Messrs. Zukor and Lasky, have issued "We're in the Navy Now" as a companion piece to "Behind the Front."

"We're in the Navy Now" lacks some of the ingenuity of "Behind the Front," but it surpasses its predecessor easily as raucous comedy. The laughs which it inspires are louder, longer and considerably more abdominal.

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are the principal attractions; both of them, of course, are genuinely able actors (they have demonstrated that on many occasions, by their intelligent performances in ridiculous "heavy" rôles). However absurd their gags may be, their own humor is unassailably legitimate.

## "The Flaming Forest"

**T**HERE is a popular notion in Hollywood that critics automatically turn up their noses at all melodramas—the assumption being that critics, as such, are incapable of appraising the virile activities of real he-men.

Thus, when I say that I consider "The Flaming Forest" a stupid, senseless picture, the reader must make allowance for my own inadequacy. In the eyes of Hollywood, I'm just a long-haired Greenwich Villager who sits around on silk cushions, drinking tea, talking about Art and sneering at red corpuscles.

"The Flaming Forest" is something of an epic, in its way; it goes back to those lawless days in the Great Northwest when the first squadron of the Mounties arrived to keep the peace and to provide plots for James Oliver Curwood.

The hero of this particular tale is *Sergeant David Carrigan*, a rollicking laddy with a real Irish twinkle to his eye. He is impersonated by

that popular Hibernian, Antonio Moreno. Renée Adorée plays the heroine, and even she is rather hopeless.

## "Upstage"

**T**HERE are some exceptionally fine moments in "Upstage," these being attributable to Norma Shearer, the star, Monta Bell, the director, and Walter de Leon, who wrote the story. There are also some exceedingly tiresome moments, attributable to the same trio.

Miss Shearer is here seen against a vaudeville background, the big moment being furnished when she steps into a knife-throwing act as the target. The various back-stage types are well represented and Mr. Bell, as always, demonstrates many effective bits of composition and photography.

"Upstage," however, fails to ring particularly true; it emphasizes the need for a picture in which Norma Shearer will have the opportunity to score a really smashing success. She is showing signs of floundering.

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent Developments

**The Sorrows of Satan.** D. W. Griffith's latest offering, containing some of his best work and some of his worst.

**So's Your Old Man.** A loose-jointed but exceptionally funny farce, with W. C. Fields.

**Bardelys the Magnificent.** John Gilbert in lace, frills and melodramatic Sabatini situations.

**The Prince of Tempters.** I've decided not to write home about this one.

**The Magician.** Some beautiful photography, but why?

**The Temptress.** Greta Garbo has my vote.

**The Ace of Cads.** Not recommended, even to those who like to see Adolphe Menjou in anything.

**It Must Be Love.** Colleen Moore surrounded by liverwurst and salami.

**The Better 'Ole.** Rough-house fun among the British Tommies, with Syd Chaplin as Old Bill.

**Tin Gods.** One of those down-to-the-depths dramas, energized by Thomas Meighan and Renée Adorée.

**Hold That Lion.** Douglas MacLean in one that the children will love.

**Diplomacy.** A Marshall Neilan pro-

duction with none of Marshall Neilan's usual humor.

**Don Juan.** John Barrymore moves gracefully through a series of mediaeval getting parties.

**The Show-Off.** A great play made into a great picture—for which credit is due Malcolm St. Clair.

**Ben-Hur.** Tremendously impressive and moderately dramatic.

**Beau Geste, The Strong Man, The Scarlet Letter, The Black Pirate, Variety and The Big Parade.** Bully good pictures, one and all.







The new Tonneau model wrist watch for women. Hamilton Wrist Watches come in silk ribbon models and strap models. Cases are plain or engraved in white or green gold. 14k and filled. Prices \$48 and \$60.



The Hamilton Strap Watch for men. Square Model. A time-piece of remarkable convenience plus Hamilton accuracy. Green or white gold. 14k or gold filled. Leather strap and luminous dial. Prices \$55 and \$85.

## The Gift of Gifts...A WATCH

### *The watch to give....a Hamilton*



THE "IRVING"

Case of 14k gold filled—green or white; dial shown, \$68.00

THERE is one gift that makes the giving more than a pretty custom, more than a holiday habit—it is a fine watch. The Hamilton is more than a beautiful watch. It is known the world over for accuracy. For years America's fastest, most famous trains have been timed by the Hamilton. That accuracy, demanded by the modern railroad, will be appreciated by those you wish to honor with your gift.

Ask your jeweler to show you the many beautiful Hamilton models. He has Hamilton pocket watches and strap watches for men, and wrist watches for women.

We have prepared two very useful booklets, "The Care of Your Watch" and "The Timekeeper." We will gladly send both on request. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 899 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

**Hamilton**  
The Watch of  
Railroad Accuracy **Watch**

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



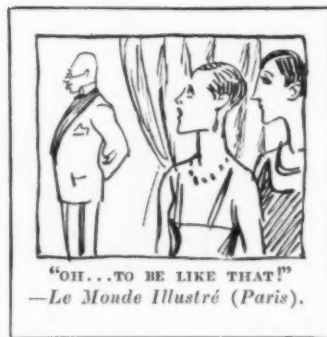
"IT'S A LOVELY MATCH. YOU CAN CONSIDER IT WITH EVERY CONFIDENCE. THE FATHER DID SIX MONTHS IN JAIL FOR LIFTING TEN MILLION THAT HE NEVER GAVE BACK."—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris)*.

**Ralph (Pronounced "Rafe")**  
**R**ALPH (pronounced "Rafe")—  
 what? in all of these winters  
 No one has told you his name?—  
 Ralph is a goblin who lives at the printer's,  
 Some one who's always to blame.  
 He eats up the ink and he ties up the presses,  
 He mixes the paste in unspeakable messes,  
 He trips up the foreman (the scandalous japer!),  
 Bewilders the copy boy, smudges the paper,  
 Tips over the pails till the floor is all sloppy,  
 Misplaces the galleys and loses the copy,  
 While publishers worry and editors chafe  
 Because of the antics of Ralph (pronounced "Rafe").

**R**ALPH (pronounced "Rafe"), irrepressibly spiteful—  
 No one has ever said why—  
 Jumbles our beautiful type in the frightful,  
 Hopeless confusion called "pi."

Debaser of manners, corrupter of morals,  
 His guile is the cause of uncountable quarrels;  
 Inciting disputes about hours and wages  
 With bull-headed misunderstandings and rages,  
 The Apple of Discord—whole barrels of apples!—  
 He casts in the conclaves of bosses and chapels.  
 All lockouts are due to that impudent wail,  
 All strikes are fomented by Ralph (pronounced "Rafe").

**R**ALPH (pronounced "Rafe"), that insidious terror,  
 Fitfully—no one knows how—  
 Hatches a black typographical error,  
 Starting the deuce of a row—  
 An error so shocking I can't even quote it;



"OH...TO BE LIKE THAT!"  
 —*Le Monde Illustré (Paris)*.

The author is certain that *he* never wrote it,  
 The comp. will be jiggered if *he* ever set it,  
 The stonemen can prove that *they* didn't abet it,  
 The proofreader shows that *he* wasn't the sinner;  
 The thing simply happened like breakfast or dinner;  
 But Robert and Timothy, Michael and Lafe,  
 Will quake for the mischief of Ralph (pronounced "Rafe").

**R**ALPH (pronounced "Rafe"), the deserving of curses—  
 No one can measure our wrongs!—  
 Harbors a Philistine hatred of verses,  
 Madrigals, lyrics and songs.



The Waiter (on his day off):  
 THOSE EGYPTIANS MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD AT DEALING THEM OFF THE ARM.

—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin)*.

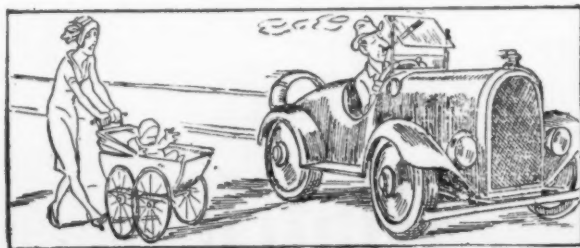
He punches a stanza and gives it the staggers;  
 Slips in a few asterisks \* \* \* \*, dollar signs \$ \$ \$, daggers † † †.  
 With maybe a colon : and dash — for good measure,  
 Mispelling a wurd with mauevoljint plezure;  
 He varies the spacing to make it look better,  
 He turns up a quad ■ and reverses a letjer.  
 A masterpiece even like this isn't safe  
 From that reprehensible Ralph (pronounced "Rafe")!  
 —*Arthur Guiterman, in New York Times*.

**Rah! Rah! Rah!**

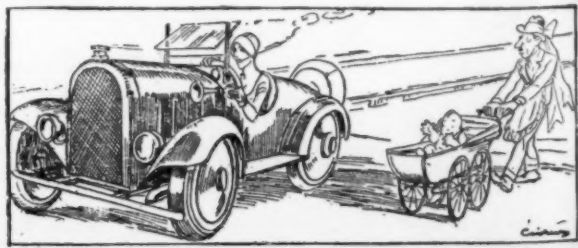
HARVARD will play Pennsylvania next year instead of Princeton. This will necessitate the changing of that Lam-poon joke to read:

"Are you a Pennsylvania man?"  
 "No, that was a couple of Confederate soldiers."—*New York Sun*.

## Woman and Sport



YESTERDAY



and  
TODAY

—*Guerin Meschino (Milan)*.

### What Is a Unit?

THE teacher was explaining the meaning of the word "unit." Picking up various objects, she asked what they were and each time received the answer, "A unit."

Finally, she took from her desk an orange. "And what is this?" she asked. "A unit," was the answer.

Taking her knife, the teacher peeled the orange, and holding the peeling in her hand, she inquired: "What is this?"

The class looked confused, but thoughtful. After a time, a hand went up. "What is it, James?" asked the teacher.

"That is the skin of a unit," asserted James.—*Indianapolis News*.

### First Night

THE author of the new play sat quietly in his box until just before the curtain fell in the last act, when suddenly he exclaimed: "Ah, there it is!"

"What?" inquired his friend.

"Why, the line of mine they've left in."

—*London Evening News*.

SOME women who deny belief in miracles expect to see results when they pass through a beauty parlor for treatment.

—*Newcastle Courier*.



"BRACE UP, OLD MAN. THINK THAT ALL YOUR ANCESTORS HAVE DIED FIGHTING."

"THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM THINKING ABOUT."

—*Tribuna Illustrata (Milan)*.

THERE'S nothing like an earthquake to take people out in the open air.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Revenge

THE magazine editor having been let out, it was a question whether to retain him for a month while he looked around, or give him a month's pay and let him go.

"Let him go, by all means," directed the publisher. "I once retained an editor in that way for a month and he accepted \$5,000 worth of bum poetry."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Her Narrow Escape

"Is your husband fond of golf?"

"Fond of it? He told me the other day that I could consider myself lucky that he married me before he was introduced to the game."

—*Boston Transcript*.

"I've been thrown off of better trains than this," announced the belligerent passenger to the hard brakeman. "I went on tour once with a royal party."

—*Detroit News*.

THE modern version ought to read that a miss is as good as a male.—*Ideas*.

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and every  
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MADE BY REYMER & BROTHERS, INCORPORATED, PITTSBURGH, PA. SINCE 1846



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joys national  
patronage — evi-  
dence of the pres-  
tige of their crafts-  
manship.



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Wahl Fountain Pen Desk Sets from \$7.50 to \$30. Set illustrated, marble or glass base, two pens, \$30.00

## The Gifts that Santa Claus would Choose

Here are gifts that echo Merry Christmas all the year around ✓ Different, useful, lovely, and friendly ✓ ✓ Wahl Fountain Pen Desk Sets and Wahl-Eversharp Writing Sets ✓ ✓ The desk sets are something entirely new ✓ A single gracefully tapered Wahl Fountain Pen, or a pair of them, perfectly balanced to the hand and set on a base of imported Italian Portoro Marble, Emeraldine Glass, or Pearl Amerith ✓ For the business man's desk, let us suggest Portoro Marble, jet black veined with tints from gray to gold, or finest Emeraldine Glass ✓ For the woman's desk, Pearl Amerith, with its texture and sheen of mother-of-pearl, in Silver White, Rose Pink, Orchid, or Empyrean Blue ✓ ✓ Ball and socket joints that permit turning the pens to any angle or elevation ✓ ✓ Wahl-Eversharp Writing Sets—a Wahl Pen nested in an attractive gift box with its companion Eversharp—are *write* gifts for everybody ✓ ✓ At Wahl-Eversharp counters everywhere.

Wahl-Eversharp Writing Sets from \$5.00 to \$35.00. Set illustrated, gold-filled, \$13.00



**EVERSHARP**  
and  
**WAHL PEN**

© 1926, The Wahl Company, Chicago  
The Wahl Company, Ltd., Toronto

## Among the New Books

**Little Benny's Book.** By Lee Pape (*Macy-Masius*). In case you didn't hear me the first time, this is the diary of a small boy which is a valuable contribution to American humor and something you shouldn't miss if you like books which provoke you to audible laughter.

**The New Universe.** By Baker Brownell (*D. Van Nostrand Co.*). From the Sun, through the formation of the Earth, through the evolution of Man, to the social order of to-day. Which, of course, cannot be easily laughed off.

**Portraits and Portents.** By A. G. Gardiner (*Harper*). An eminent London journalist presents a few close-ups of individuals in the limelight.

**The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook.** Edited by William Dorsey Kennedy (*The Writer Publishing Company*). A symposium of experts, including our own Mr. Sherwood, on where to sell your stuff—and how!

**Wine, Women and War.** Anonymous (*J. H. Sears & Co.*). I suppose I shall be an old, old woman before the last war diary is published, and it's a frightful future to contemplate.

**The Bugle Sounds.** By Major Zinovi Pechkoff (*Appleton*). Life in the Foreign Legion pointed out sharply by Maxim Gorky's adopted son.

**Shen of the Sea.** By Arthur Bowie Chrisman (*Dutton*). Chinese stories for children which won the John Newberry medal, and somewhat deservedly, too.

**Words and Music.** By Sigmund Spaeth (*Simon & Schuster*). "Going just as far as possible in the burlesque spirit with some of our fireside musical institutions.

**I Sing the Pioneer.** By Arthur Guiterman (*Dutton*). A member of the family writes a few ballads about those who helped to make the nation's history.

**The Emerald.** By Hilaire Belloc (*Harper*). Something new in detective stories, with twenty-one drawings by G. K. Chesterton. To be reviewed later.

**The Younger Married Set.** By George S. Chappell (*Houghton Mifflin*). Here they are in a book, in case you didn't read them in *LIFE*.

**Among Us Cats.** By W. E. Hill (*Harper*). One of my favorite cartoonists does for the feline family what he has been doing for human beings, and most amusingly.

**Juarez and Maximilian.** By Franz Werfel (*Simon & Schuster*, for the Theatre Guild). A recent dramatic experiment in book form. *B. L.*

## Books Received

**John of Oregon.** By Dan Poling (*Doran*).

**Sutter's Gold.** By Blaise Cendrars. Translated by Henry Longman Stuart (*Harper*).

**The Blood of Kings.** By Reginald Wright Kauffman (*Duffield*).

**Red Earth.** By Jane England (*Doran*).

**Royal Seville.** By E. Allison Peers (*Harper*).

**Toro of the Little People.** By Leo Walmsley (*Doran*).

**The Everlasting Angel.** By Samuel Merwin (*Sears*).

**Toward the Flame.** By Hervey Allen (*Doran*).

**Meditations of a Profane Man.** By "H" (*Holt*).

**The Ninth Wave.** By Carl Van Doren (*Harcourt, Brace*).

**The Fire of Desert Folk.** By Ferdinand Ossendowski (*Dutton*).

## COME TO HAVANA



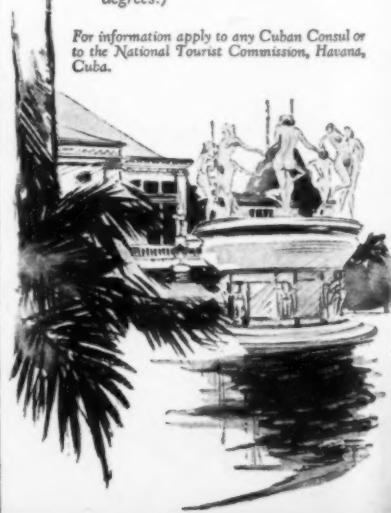
Days of brilliant sunshine—tempered to springlike softness by cool trade winds...thrilling sports of land and sea—golf, tennis, polo, hunting, fishing, yachting, motoring—their joys intensified a hundredfold by the gorgeous tropical setting...brilliant, fashionable gatherings at the races—or the famous jai-alai, fastest of games.

Then the glamour of night time in Havana...living memories of a by-gone age—romantic, fascinating—persisting, defiant of the gay, modern city in their midst...care-free pleasure seekers thronging luxurious hotels, theaters, the opera, cafes—the magnificent Casino de la Playa where the Goddess of Chance holds sway...an entrancing experience...foreign-intriguing...indescribably different.

Come to Cuba now—it's only 90 miles from America.

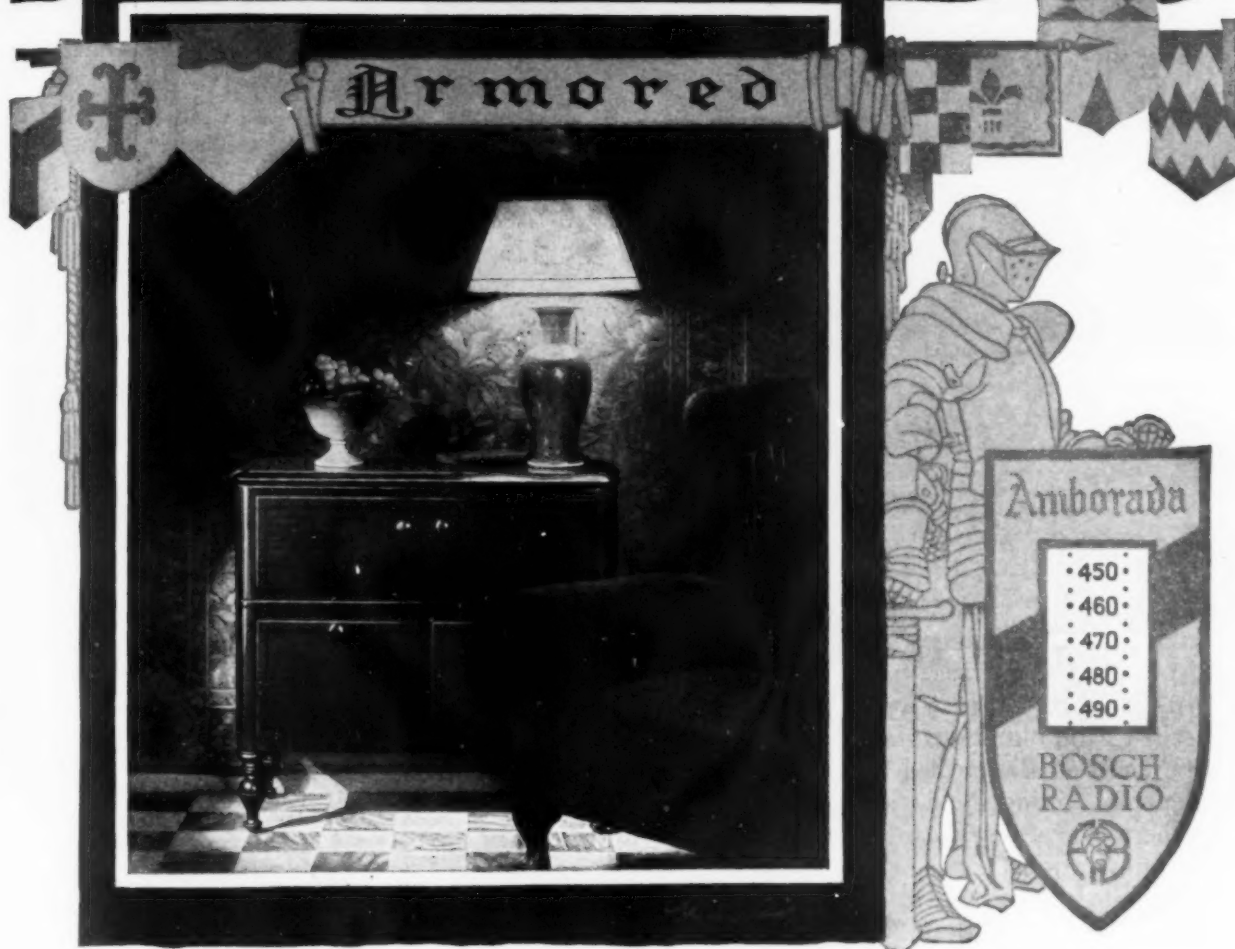
(In Cuba even the warmest summer day is made pleasant by the cool trade winds. The temperature during 1925 never rose above 93 nor fell below 66 degrees.)

For information apply to any Cuban Consul or to the National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba.





# BOSCH RADIO



THE AMBORADA—7 TUBES—\$310

Bosch Radio has three outstanding features which make it uniquely attractive to the woman proud of her home. A Christmas Gift worth while—first the beautiful cabinets harmonize with modern decorative ideas, next the tonal quality of Bosch Radio is unapproached and is devoid of those marring noises usually associated with radio, and lastly Bosch Radio is exceedingly simple to operate.

The Amborada, powerful, armored and shielded seven tube receiver is controlled by a single knob. Famous orchestras are at your service, lectures, fashion talks, news items, are yours at the turn of a dial. The attractive, early American period cabinet hides away all batteries, chargers and equipment.

The five tube Cruiser is also powerful and armored and its unified control makes tuning pleasingly simple. See and hear Bosch Radio before you buy any radio. The Bosch Dealer near you will gladly demonstrate its superior qualities. If you wish we will send you his address.

All prices slightly higher—Colorado and west, and in Canada

**AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION**  
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

Manufactured under patent applications of the American Bosch Magneto Corporation and licensed also under applications of the Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc.



THE CRUISER—5 TUBES—\$100



## Pathfinders

*An advertisement of  
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, thus adding a new world to the old. Alexander Graham Bell discovered the telephone, giving the nations of the earth a new means of communication. Each ventured into the unknown and blazed the way for those who came after him.

The creating of a nationwide telephone service, like the developing of a new world, opened new fields for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it,

has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration.

Its continued advancement requires constant effort in working upon a never-ending succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Because it leads the way in finding new pathways for telephone development, the Bell System is able to provide America with a nationwide service that sets the standard for the world.

### The Visiting Personage Goes Crazy

"THE marvelous skyline of New York your typically American hustle and energy the un-failing generosity which has so often come to the aid of my poor suffering country of course you are a bit raw and crude at present only a paltry ten million which means little to you but everything to us there's nothing wrong with the American girl she's witty charming and beautiful we are a nation of artists money means nothing to us I consider your Prohibition a complete success not a cent

of this goes to me personally such vast distances between your cities in time you may produce an artist almost the equal of our great Pazoosky your wonderful subways I may accept an offer from your great cinema producers but the money will be paid to the widows and orphans of my poor suffering nation I travel simply with only four or five servants and your government would be perfect except for a few faults which I shall mention in the series of newspaper articles..."

R. L.

### Villanelle

*Of a Man Who Tried to Select a  
Christmas Card*

A MERRY Christmas and a bright ...  
To you and yours from me and mine ...  
When shepherds on that holy night ...

With all good wishes for a right ...  
With radiance the star did shine ...  
A merry Christmas and a bright ...

I'm wishing it with all my might ...  
These berries red are just a sign ...  
When shepherds on that holy night ...

This card I'm sending you is white ...  
The season's greetings are in line ...  
A merry Christmas and a bright ...

And then there shone a heavenly light ...  
Hello, there, kid, I hope you're fine ...  
When shepherds on that holy night ...

This card of mine is just a slight ...  
May happiness and love divine ...  
A merry Christmas and a bright ...  
When shepherds on that holy night ...

E. B. W.

### A Perfect Evening

MRS. KAYLOR: Was your theatre party a success?

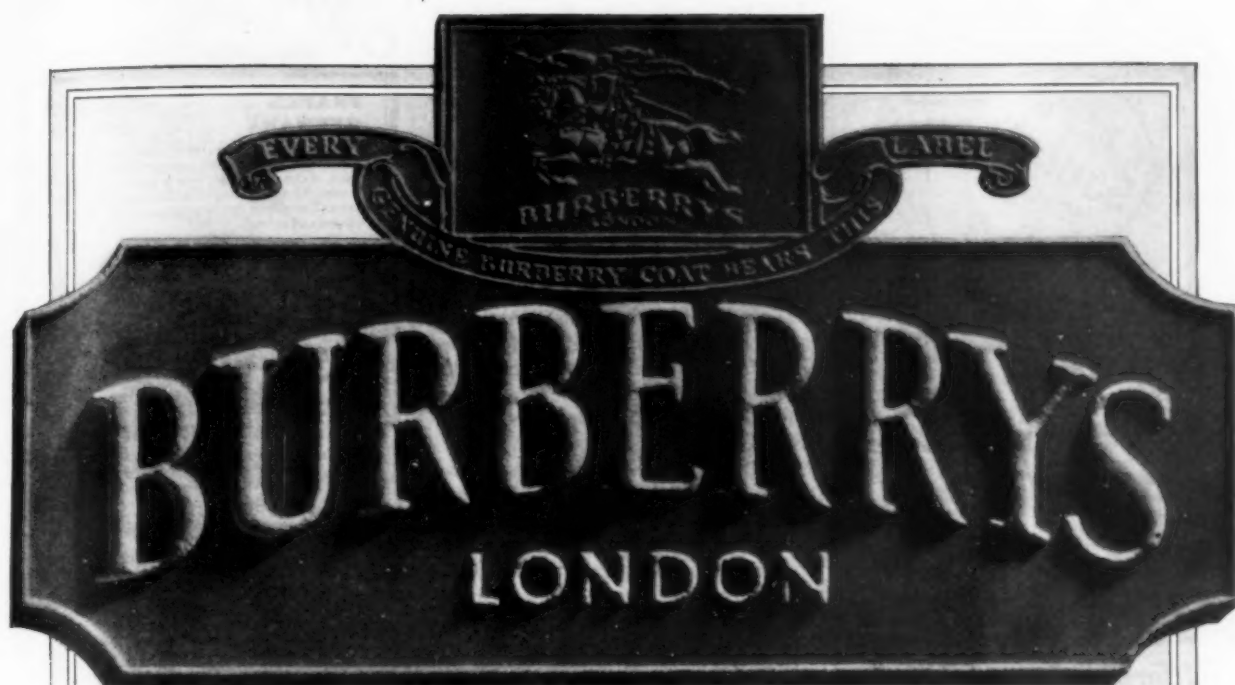
Mrs. TAYLOR: Yes, indeed. We arrived in time to see almost all of the last act.

It's no trick at all to pick out a good brush!

**WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES**

with the famous stamp of WHITING'S or ADAMS on the handle guide the beginner to the best brush selection just as surely as the feel of the bristles tells the story to the professional painter.

**WHITING-ADAMS BOSTON**  
BRUSH MAKERS FOR 118 YEARS



Burberrys  
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## AN INTERNATIONAL NAME

ASK any officer about "the Burberry" in the trenches; ask any man, who has travelled, about the free-and-easy swing and smart distinction of the Burberry woolen overcoats; or ask the American world flyers about the famous "warmth without weight" of the Burberry garments in the highest altitudes. Burberry is a by-word on six continents for the finest obtainable in English overcoats. Designed and tailored in England for the well dressed man everywhere.

*Dealers Throughout the  
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**BURBERRYS LTD.**  
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*For the name of your local dealer, write to our  
New York Wholesale Office—14 East 38th St.*

By Appointment to



H. M. King George V





## Spring and flower-flamed Highways await you in California

**California showers her gifts with equal lavishness upon the entire family**

She gives health, joy and all-year playgrounds to the children; variety and the stimulus of a novel experience to men and women alike.

California is a magnificent relief—a gallant adventure—dovetailed into the prosaic labors of every-day living.

The Santa Fe operates five daily trains to California—all of them top-notchers in their class. But the very best train is *the new Chief—extra fast, extra fine, extra fare. Only two business days on the way—Fred Harvey dining service on the Santa Fe is supreme in the world of travel.*

*After California—Hawaii*

**just mail this**

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.  
Santa Fe System Lines  
1155 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.  
Send me free Santa Fe Picture Folders of California and Grand Canyon.

### How About You?

I GET invited to the strangest places to do the silliest things. My morning's mail is nothing but one invitation after another.

"What about your estate? Is your wife provided for?"

With these opening remarks, the Hope & Trust Company invited me to consult its experts on the important matter of making a will.

The Worst National Bank first accused me of leaving money and valuables lying around the house and then asked me to inspect its safety deposit vaults. And the Squeaky Booterie insisted that before I left for the Riviera I should look over its line of shoes.

Well—I donned my best suit and hat and went to the Hope & Trust Company, presenting my invitation. I was conducted to a man in a swivel chair who looked as if he had been attending to other people's business for years.

"Ah, yes," he said; "now, ah, about this, ah, will. To whom do you wish to leave the estate?"

"What estate?" I asked.

"Why, ah, I suppose you understand that, ah, your wife, according to law, is..."

"But," I interrupted, "I have no wife."

"Ah, yes. H'm. Well, ah. How large an estate is this?"

"Is what?"

"Your property," he snapped; "your goods; your..."

"I have no property," I told him.

"Well," he said. "What, ah... what do you want? What, ah...?"

"I don't want anything," I said. "You invited me to come here to consult with experts."

He beckoned, and a special policeman came and ushered me out.

I went to the Worst National Bank and said I had come to inspect the vaults. They telephoned for the police and wanted to have me arrested.

The Squeaky Booterie was more obliging until they found out that I was not going to the Riviera and had no intention of buying anything. By that time a clerk and two assistants had climbed the walls like monkeys and brought down twenty different pairs of shoes, slippers, brogues, and boots. They were swearing horribly when I left. It had never occurred to them that, after all, I might not be going to the Riviera.

I do get invited to do the silliest things. I suppose I shouldn't pay any attention to them.

Rud Rennie.

THE flapper's life is one swift round of activity—day in and night out.

### Across the Atlantic

#### FRANCE GERMANY

#### ENGLAND IRELAND

Attractive and comfortable accommodations are offered on these splendid steamers RESOLUTE, RELIANCE, HAMBURG (new), DEUTSCHLAND and ALBERT BALLIN. Also on the one-class Cabin steamers CLEVELAND, THURINGIA and WESTPHALIA. World famous cuisine and service.

### Around the World

138 day Cruise—25 Countries

S. S. RESOLUTE

Rates \$2,000 and up

Leaving New York, Jan. 6, 1927

### To the West Indies on the S. S. RELIANCE

DEC. 18—15 days JAN. 8—15 days  
JAN. 26—27 days FEB. 26—27 days

MARCH 30—15 days

Rates \$200 and \$300 and up

### HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC.

General Agents

28 Broadway, New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago,

Philadelphia, San Francisco

or local steamship and tourist agents

### Science proves the danger of bleeding gums



**Forhan's  
FOR  
THE  
GUMS**

COAST defense protects the life of a nation. gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes  
All Druggists

Formula of  
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.  
FORHAN CO.  
200 6th Ave., N.Y.  
Forhan's, Ltd.  
Montreal



## One Step Too Far

OVER his morning coffee, Lieutenant of Police Moriarty beamed at the two-inch headlines in the *Daily Blaze*:

### "BIG CRIME RING SHATTERED"

"MORIARTY AGAIN GETS HIS MAN. BRINGS IN LEADER OF NOTORIOUS BAND OF CRIMINALS."

Of course, the fellow that had been pinched would probably be discharged in a few days for lack of evidence, but then the dear public had to be assured, occasionally, that something was being done about this crime-wave business. Moriarty had pulled this trick several times. In fact, that was how he'd got to be a Lieutenant. And just at present he was figuring on a coup that would probably make him a Captain.

So for the next three weeks he whispered daily tips in the ears of the reporters for the *Blaze* about another "Big Crime Ring" that was operating in the city. Just a hint here and there that he was on their trail and that they would eventually bite the dust, which in due course leaked out to the public and created the proper psychological atmosphere of suppressed excitement. Thus the stage was all set for the big shindig.

Casting about in the underworld for a subject, Moriarty had decided on juggling one "Hophead Harry," whom he knew in a casual sort of way as a harmless drug addict who lived a friendless and secluded life, wherefore there was no reason at all why he shouldn't be pinched. So one night Moriarty threw a cordon of police around "Hophead's" place and loaded him into the wagon.

And, sure enough, the following day two-inch headlines again screamed from the *Daily Blaze*:

### "BIG CRIME RING SHATTERED"

"MORIARTY AGAIN GETS HIS MAN. BRINGS IN LEADER OF NOTORIOUS BAND OF CRIMINALS."

But Patrolman Moriarty, no longer Lieutenant, did not beam at the headlines over his morning coffee. Instead, he glared at them, cursing the curious twist of fate that had brought about his sudden demotion.

"Hophead Harry" actually was the leader of a notorious band of criminals.

Asia Kagowan.

## No Alternative

"WHAT makes you think she doubts your sincerity?"

"How can she help it? I told her I believed her when she said she loved me!"

THE annual question is in everybody's mind. The annual gift list is in everybody's pocket. Here is just the right present for son or daughter, for best friend, for close business associate—in fact

# A Gift for Everybody

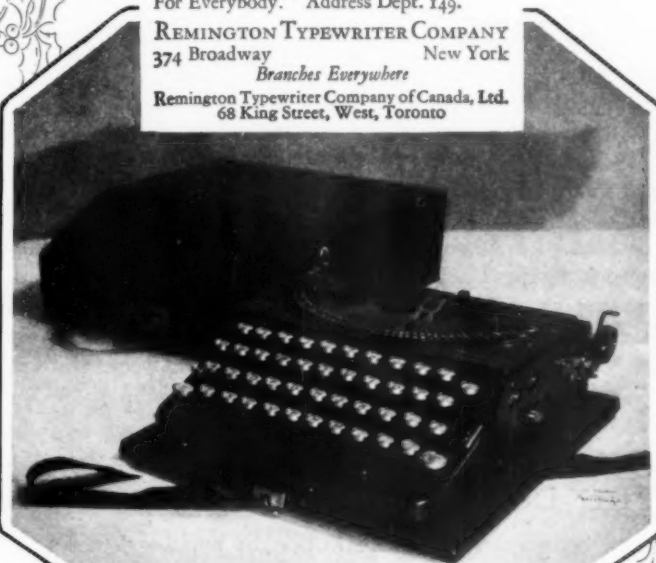
The Remington Portable Typewriter may be selected with the assurance that it is the recognized leader—in sales and popularity. It meets every requirement of personal writing. It is the world's lightest writing machine with standard keyboard—tips the scales at only 8½ pounds net. And it is the most compact of all typewriters—fits in a carrying case only four inches high.

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REMINGTON PORTABLE

# Remington Typewriters

A MACHINE FOR EVERY PURPOSE



Remington-made Paragon Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions



## Appealing!

**T**HIS year LIFE is publishing two *appealing* calendars for use in 1927. Each of them contains six beautiful reproductions—LIFE size, and in full color—of famous covers that have appeared on LIFE.

Each of them, moreover, makes an ideal Christmas or New Year's gift for *anyone*.



### the JOHN HELD CALENDAR

is all that the name implies—a collection of gay, brilliantly humorous designs by the artist who, above all others, has caught the true spirit of Triumphant Youth. Six of Held's most popular LIFE covers are included in this calendar, which also makes mention of our twelve leading months, with days and weeks thrown in.



### LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR

has now become an annual institution, by popular demand. This year's edition is the best of the lot, with paintings by Robert L. Dickey and other sympathetic recorders of man's best friend.



*You can obtain the JOHN HELD CALENDAR or LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR by mail order from*

**Life Publishing Company**  
598 Madison Avenue New York City

*The price of each is ONE DOLLAR.*

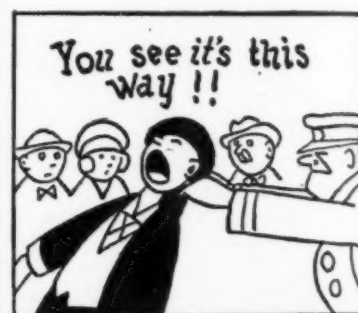
*Send your orders in NOW. The supply is limited.*



*What on earth is this fellow up to?*



*Can it be that he has lost his reason?*



*Evidently this stalwart officer of the law thinks so.*



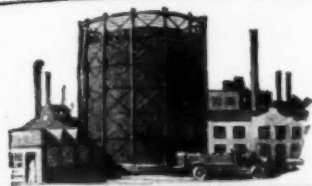
*But hark! He's telling the Judge all about the great*

### ALIBI CONTEST

which starts in

**Life**

**NEXT WEEK!**



### Your Gas Company Can Heat Your Home

Gas heating is a proven success. Thousands of home owners, everywhere, are enjoying the wonderful convenience and comfort of gas—the only fuel which is absolutely free from care.

Many gas companies grant special rates for house heating which brings gas fuel well within reach of most home owners.

Bryant Automatic Gas Heaters are scientifically designed to burn gas with exceptionally high efficiency. Telephone your local Bryant office or write us here in Cleveland for complete information on gas heating.

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Branches in 27 Principal Cities.

## BRYANT GAS HEATING

~lets  
your Pip  
be your  
Furnace  
Man

### Sleep Enough? No?

Then by all means read this book.  
**BLOOD PRESSURE—HIGH AND LOW**  
By Chester Tilton Stone, M. D.  
Giving the causes (Lack of Sleep is only one) of this serious condition, its effects, approved methods of prevention and curative measures.  
All stores, \$1.50. Postpaid, \$1.60.  
ALLEN ROSS & CO. 1133 Broadway, N. Y. C.

INSIST UPON  
**KEMP'S BALSAM**  
FOR THAT COUGH!

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

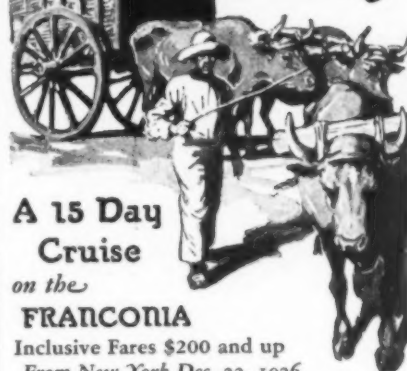
### Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 13)

servant Katie to inquire if she could assemble a frankfurter and roll exactly as they are served from the wayside caravanseries, but she did skilfully persuade me into having steamed clams, instead, and delicious they were, too, with our special sauce of butter, walnut juice, etc., and topped off with a fine salad of endive dressed with oil and cheese. This afternoon reading in the merriest book I have come across in over a year, "Little Benny's Book," by Lee Pape, and I do wish, in a purely missionary spirit, that some arrangement could be made with the Gideons for its distribution.

**November 17th** By the first post a social ledger arranged by Mr. McKinney of Albany and his spouse, and in it space for a record of all sorts of refuges for hostesses, such as cocktyle formulas, lists of extra men, personalities governing table arrangements, etc., so grand that doubt if my usual entries of "Don't forget to give Miss L. the devil for not finishing my black lace in time," and "Call up B. F. and lie out of Thursday's luncheon" would well become it. But Lord! any one who takes seriously what is termed the social game has need of a complete chart of the season's proceedings, for Edith Banning did tell me that their Betty, who is not out until next year, had already been requested for a dinner on the second of April. To luncheon at Lizzie Martin's, finding there quite a company, and Emmy Posner did tell how she had overheard her daughter talking to a swain about philosophy and telling him that she objected to the French school because of its mysticism, which did cause Emmy to take to her chaise-longue and smelling salts, and when she went down again the child was talking prizefighting to the policeman on their corner and refreshing him with her father's best whisky and cigars, so that now Emmy does not know *what* to think, which is the predicament of so many mothers who have more sweetness than light. Lucy Wickes there, too, telling how she had felt so low this morning that she had fortified herself with a stiff bracer of whisky before going out to shop for three wedding presents, and had thereby spent from ten to thirty dollars more on each one of them than she had intended. . . . This night I did play patience for thirty minutes before discovering that Sam had removed the Aces from both packs of cards.

Baird Leonard.

## CUNARD Caribbean Cruises



### A 15 Day Cruise

on the  
**FRANCONIA**

Inclusive Fares \$200 and up  
From New York Dec. 22, 1926  
Returning January 6, 1927

The Sunis Nature's Healing Force. It tones the skin—invigorates the body. An abundance of sunshine—that is the privilege of this romantic short sea trip over Christmas and New Year's. *Porto Rico, Jamaica, Havana, the Bahamas* on a palatial world-renowned Cunarder, in ideal spring-like weather.

A pleasure cruise that makes for health!

### also Two 31 Day Cruises on the new CALEDONIA

Inclusive Fares \$300 and up  
From New York Jan. 22, returning Feb. 22  
From New York Feb. 26, returning Mar. 29

*To Nassau, Havana, Port au Prince, Kingston, Colon, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique and Bermuda.*

The Caledonia is a beautiful, modern ship, equipped with the new thermo tank ventilation system, which supplies a current of cool fresh air—under the passenger's own control—to every stateroom, an innovation of great comfort while cruising in the tropics. Electric fans in every room.

#### NO PASSPORTS REQUIRED

Comprehensive sightseeing tours ashore under the direction of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son.

## CUNARD

And **ANCHOR Lines**

25 Broadway, New York  
or Branches and Agencies



## Isn't it natural?

A EUROPEAN WIT says, "Americans not only *want* the best of everything — but spare nothing to *get* the best of everything." A characteristic that explains, perhaps, why American cigarette smokers so willingly pay a few cents more to get Fatimas

F A T I M A



*"What a whale of a difference  
just a few cents make"*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

### A Friend Indeed

AMONG recent arrivals in America is one of the most photographed persons in British Society, "a friend." His coming was quite unnoted in the newspapers, but there was nothing surprising in that. Self-effacement is "a friend's" specialty. He revels in it.

"It is my first visit to the States," he said when interviewed. "I have no plans, but shall doubtless mingle a bit with your best people, your hunting set, your amateur golfers, that sort of thing."

Quite almost every one has seen his picture in the English periodicals. He had a few pages with him, lifted from recent issues of the *Tatler* and the *Bystander*.

"Jolly people, awfully good sort," was his comment in showing them.

He was in all the photographs, on terms of intimacy with the most exclusive sets. Here are some of the captions, which prove him no impostor:

"LADY ST. JOHN MILDMAI AND THE DOWAGER LADY ALLENDALE WATCHING THE BEAGLE TRIALS AT NEW FOREST WITH A FRIEND."

"THE HON. MRS. COCHRANE-BAILEY TALKING WITH A FRIEND AT THE FONTWELL PARK RACES."

"CAPTAIN THE HONORABLE AND MRS. CLUTTERBUCK OF BILLENDON COPLOW (left) IN THE COMPANY OF A FRIEND AT THE HEXAM STEEPLECHASE."

"Really, I suppose I'm quite the most photographed person in all the

fashionable world," laughed our latest visitor. "Doubtless, I shall be so here, as soon as my presence in America becomes known."

And sure enough. As recently as last Sunday's Society sections there was a charming photograph with this line below:

"MISS FIFI LENOX OF NEW YORK AND A FRIEND ENJOYING A GALLOP AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS."

Watch for "a friend's" picture in the Sunday papers. Awfully decent chap.

A. H. F.

### Diagnoses

"YOU are sound as a dollar," said Doctor McGill

To the poor coatless wretch who had begged for a pill.

So the poor man went out—but alas! sad to note—

He put on, as he left, the good doctor's fur coat,

Then he walked in next door, to see Doctor McCann,

Who remarked, "My dear sir, you're a very sick man."

A. E.

THE Sesquicentennial will remain open on Sundays. For whom?



### A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.





### Mister Babbitt Addresses the Rowanis Club

"AS I said to my good friend Tompkins on the way down here, 'If I thought they were going to call on me for a speech, I'd have had something prepared,' but of course, we're all here together, and that reminds me of the little Jewish boy who said to his father, who was also Jewish, ha, ha, 'Father, what is business ethics?' and the father says, 'If a fellow was to buy a suit for thirty dollars, and when he goes to pay for it, an extra ten-spot sticks to the bills he counts out and he don't notice it, well, Ikey, business ethics is "Should I put the money in my pocket or should I ring it up on the register and give my partner half?"' But what we need in America to-day is more co-operation. Now to go into the subject of co-operation is to talk on a tremendously BIG subject and one that I shall not have time to touch on to-day. It's what we all need and it doesn't matter what you are selling, if it is insurance, real estate, pianos, coffins or carpet tacks. Sometimes in the mornings when it's raining, you might say to yourself, 'Guess I won't go down to the office to-day—it's a bad day'—now I want to tell you that no man ever made a sale in his bungalow and no matter what your product is, it's the man on the job who gets the name on the dotted line. Hoover says our foreign trade is getting bigger every year and that is a subject that I would like to talk longer about but the time is getting short and I don't want to keep you gentlemen from the money that I know you are all going to make this afternoon. Yesterday I closed a deal that I had worked on for two months. This prospect's daughter told me one night at a roadhouse that her father liked Peruna cigarettes. So during my approach, and to-day the approach is 87½ per cent. of the sale, during the approach, I stuck the pack of cigs at the frosty old gent and says, 'Have a Peruna,' and say, you should have seen the old boy warm up to that. Well, to make a long story short, I walked out of his office with THAT contract. That, gentlemen, is psychology, a BIG subject, and I am sorry that there isn't time for me to talk to you more to-day about that. What IS psychology? It's a big subject, and no matter if you are selling washing machines or shaving cream or Oriental rugs or radios, it is something you can use and every one of you ought to be able to say that he studied psychology at some time or other. But as I say it is a BIG subject and I am sorry that the time is so short and that I cannot talk to you more about it to-day. That reminds me of a bright saying of little Elsie, my youngest kiddie, when we were trying to make her go to bed one night by promising to take her to a matinee the following Saturday. Well, sir, little Elsie comes back with 'You can't sell me on that idea.' This only goes to show that even our kiddies realize that everybody must be a salesman. Wagner the great composer was a salesman, Billy Sunday is a salesman, Moses was a salesman. The science of selling is a BIG subject and I am sorry that the time is so short because I would like to talk to you more about the science of selling. But I don't want to keep you gentlemen from the money that I know you are all going to make this afternoon. I thank you."

Donald Bachart.

### Easing the Strain

MRS WYMP: Oh, Rodney—the landlord was in here this evening to see about that sag in the floor in the living-room.

MR. WYMP: What'd he say?

MRS. WYMP: He said for us to stop laying the Sunday paper on that particular spot.

## "HAVANA Europe over night"



BY train or steamship the trip is delightful and at the Sevilla Biltmore you taste the charm of Havana life. Here is the gayety of Paris within easy reach.

Cuba's delightful climate intensifies your enjoyment of outdoor sports. There are delightful shops, historic places to visit, the Opera, racing and Jai-Alai for your entertainment.

For reservations cable or write the Sevilla Biltmore, Havana.

Americans require no passports.



## SEVILLA BILTMORE

ON THE PRADO

## A Bowman Biltmore Institution

JOHN MCENTEE BOWMAN—Pres.

E.B. JOUFFRET—Vice Pres.



### A trip to Daytona Beach

is like a Hole-in-One Perfect!

IT WORKED!!!

THE snow-storm of "kupes" in response to our mere mention of the fact that we are going to use LIFE this winter indicates the interest in this great resort on the part of LIFE'S readers.

It's a great town! Every day here gives you that "hole-in-one" feeling. Golf, tennis, roque, trap-shooting, bowling, riding, motor-racing, fishing, in fact almost any sport you may enjoy is available. Concerts by world's greatest artists, Grand Opera and daily band concerts furnish entertainment.

The climate is absolutely the "last word"! There is plenty of room and rates are reasonable. Address Room 78, Cham. of Com. Building, Daytona Beach, Florida.



Chamber of Commerce, Daytona Beach, Florida;  
Please send Booklet about your Perfect Winters to

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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## The Spirit of Christmas Present

**H**ERE, Mr. Scrooge, is the chance to eliminate that spiritual dyspepsia that has been bothering you for so long. Here is something that will remove your grouch. It's off because it's out!

LIFE, Mr. Scrooge, will be an ideal stimulant for you—and for all your friends. (I know you haven't any now, but you will have when I get through with you. LIFE for a friend, you know, means a friend for LIFE.)

LIFE will make Bob Cratchit forget the salary you pay him; it will bring the roses back into the cheeks of Tiny Tim; it will supply your jovial nephew, Fred, with innumerable jokes wherewith to regale his pretty wife over the dinner table.

*Come on, Mr. Scrooge.* Sign your name on the little coupon below; sign Bob Cratchit's name, Tiny Tim's name, Fred's name—every name you can think of. The more, as you have probably heard, the merrier!

A copy of LIFE'S CHRISTMAS CARD, designed by Charles Dana Gibson, will be sent with each of your gift subscriptions. And when they see your name on that card, Bob and Tiny Tim and the rest will bless you on Christmas Day—and on every day of the New Year.

*Obey That Impulse, Mr. Scrooge!*

I enclose \$.....for.....subscriptions  
to LIFE to be sent in my name.

394

Please send LIFE  
for one year to

Please send LIFE  
for one year to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)  
Ten Weeks, \$1.00 (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.35)



Parker Duofold  
Duette  
Over-size, \$11  
Junior size, \$8.50  
Lady size, \$8

# Give the Set that will live to be a keepsake!

Non-Breakable Barrels—25-Year Pen Point  
—Over-size Ink Capacity

*And this prized imprint "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold" will show  
that you went the limit to give the finest*

Just whisper, "Send them Parker Duofold" to wise old Santa Claus, and you'll do more to make your loved ones happy than a week of worry on a yard-long list of Christmas ideas.

Parker's Black-tipped Lacquer-red is far the most sought-after color in both Pens and Pencils. For our records show it outsells any other, and we make all kinds.

Moreover, when Geo. S. Parker created the Duofold point he overcame rigidity by tempering the extra thick gold prongs to yield to any hand, yet ever retain their original shape.

Ten men—all wearing blindfolds—tried 11 new pens of various makes. And 8 of the 10 picked Parker Duofold, sight unseen, as the most agreeable writer.

A point guaranteed for 25 years—not only for mechanical perfection, but *for wear!*

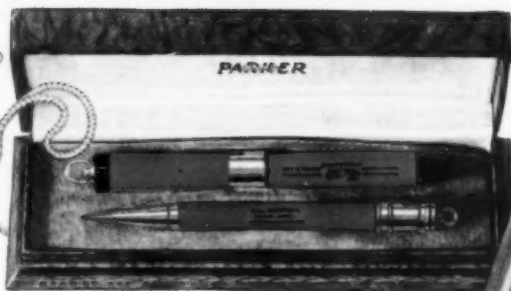
Today we are making Parker Duofold's barrel of light Non-Breakable "Permanite," instead of rubber. Recently an aeroplane pilot dropped the Parker Duofold 3000 feet and could not break it.

No amount of money can buy a finer pen and pencil. So make no mistake in the name when you do your Christmas shopping—specify "Parker Duofold."

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# Parker

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Cord  
50c  
Extra

Parker  
Duofold Jr.,  
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Pencil  
to match,  
\$3.50

Parker  
Over-size  
Duofold,  
\$7

Parker  
Over-size  
Duofold  
Pencil,  
\$4

Parker  
Lady  
Duofold  
\$5

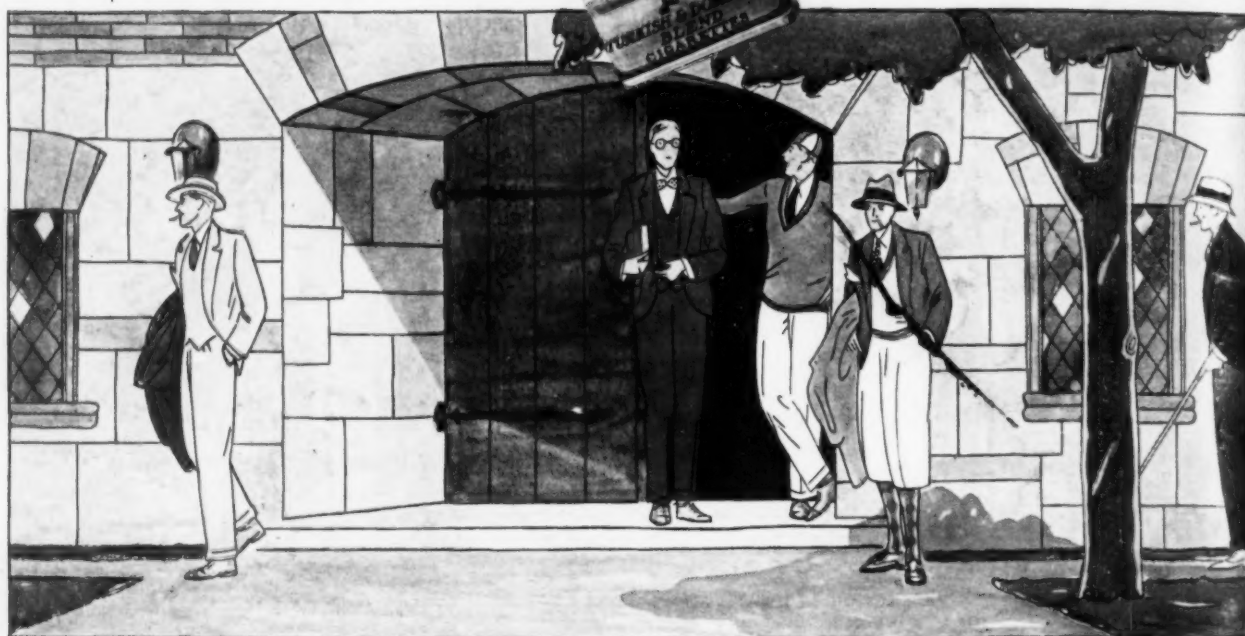




Life

H A V E A

C A M E L



## *Camels made cigarettes the popular smoke*

THROUGH sheer quality, through a never before known smoking enjoyment, Camels won the world to cigarettes. Camel was the first and only cigarette that combined all the goodnesses of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos — and Camel became the greatest smoke word of all ages. No tobacco name compares with Camel.

Camel won and holds its overwhelming preference through indomitable tobacco quality. Only the choicest Turkish and Domestic

tobaccos are rolled into Camels. These fine tobaccos receive the skillful blending that only the world's largest tobacco organization could give. Nothing is too good or too expensive that will make Camels the utmost in cigarettes.

If you have never yet tried Camels, a new sensation in smoking pleasure awaits you. The sensation of the choicest grown, the most perfectly blended tobaccos that money can buy.

*Have a Camel!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



